

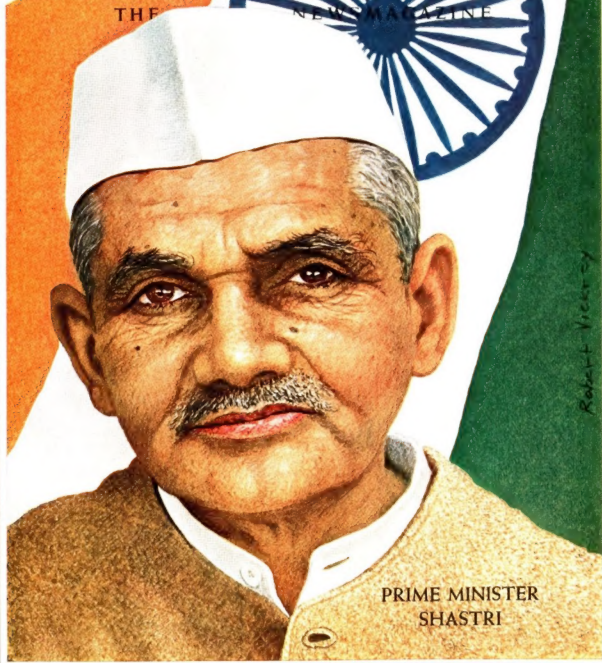
THIRTY-FIVE CENTS

AUGUST 13, 1965

INDIA WITHOUT NEHRU

TIME

THE NEW MAGAZINE



PRIME MINISTER
SHASTRI

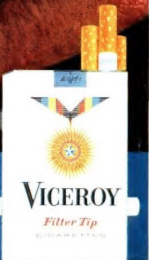
VOL. 86 NO. 7

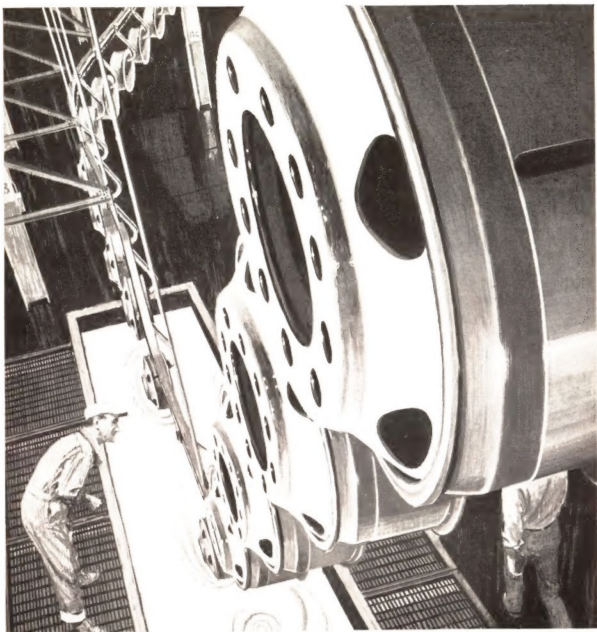
Viceroy's got the filter for
the taste that's right!



Viceroy is specifically designed to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. Not too strong... not too light... Viceroy's got the taste that's right!

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More than 145 million wheels

... have rolled from Budd plants for use on passenger cars, trucks, trailers, buses and off-the-highway equipment the world over. That's a lot of wheels. But wheels are only one of the quality automotive components—large, small, simple and complex—that Budd supplies to the automotive industry at a rate of more than a million a day for use in 28 popular American

cars and 14 leading American trucks. But Budd does much more than supply hardware to the automotive industry. Imagination, engineering know-how, experience, manufacturing and research facilities—all these are reasons why ... wherever you see cars and trucks, chances are you see Budd. The Budd Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19132.

Wherever you look ... you see Budd

THE D II
Budd COMPANY

Avis figures a car is good for 20,000 miles.



Do they make them like they used to?

That's not what Detroit says.

In fact, most car makers give a better warranty than that: up to 50,000 miles.

But Avis doesn't wait that long.

Not because they don't make them like they used to. They're probably better. But we're trying to save a buck.

Figure it out. We get rid of a car before the warranty is up, so Plymouth foots the bill if anything goes wrong.

Not us.

Of course, to get the best resale price, we keep our cars in creampuff condition. So when you rent from Avis you naturally get a fussed-over late model.

Does this look as if we're trying harder just to keep you happy? Good. Let's leave it at that.



TIMBER.....R.....R.....R.....R!!!!

Wausau Story

By now, the ponderosa pine above will have been converted into products of the Boise Cascade Corporation. Headquartered in Boise, Idaho, Boise Cascade is a business of trees and people, producing lumber, plywood, papers, and a range of packaging and building materials.

In the business world, Boise Cascade is noted for its phenomenal growth—better than 600% in 9 years.

A big factor in this success is a genuine concern for the employees

who keep the company growing. For example, Boise Cascade chose Employers Mutuals of Wausau as their workmen's compensation insurer—the most experienced carrier in the wood-products industry. An enviable record of loss prevention has resulted. One division alone recently clocked up over 2,000,000 man-hours without a disabling injury!

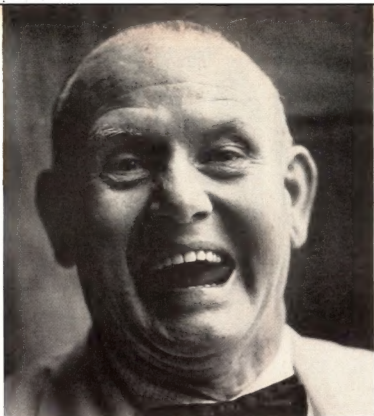
With 177 offices from coast to coast, Employers Mutuals of Wausau is prepared to serve industries in

every field, the country over, in all forms of business insurance. Call on Employers Mutuals for a complete review of your company's insurance needs. We're in the Yellow Pages of your telephone book.



**Employers
Mutuals
of Wausau**

"Good people to do business with"



"Keep it clean," says Joe Raffe. And he does. He's the man who makes sure the inside of every BOAC Rolls-Royce 707 fan jet is absolutely spotless. For instance, next time you're on one of BOAC's flights from Chicago to London (one leaves every night at 7:00 pm), please take notice of the 96 shining windows. Joe's very proud of them. "If there's one thing I'm stronger than," says Joe, "it's dirt."

Fly direct from Chicago to London. The 14/21-day midweek economy fare is only \$375* round trip. And you can charge it on your Diners' Club or Carte Blanche credit card as well as your International Air Travel Card. See your Travel Agent or call British Overseas Airways Corporation.

*Fares effective thru Nov. 4, 1965 and not applicable during certain peak summer periods.

 **BOAC**
AND BOAC CUNARD
SERVICES OPERATED FOR BOAC CUNARD BY BOAC



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In Nigeria, too, you have a friend at Chase Manhattan



Chasemen know Nigeria intimately. They understand its people, its economy, its banking system.

From their conveniently located office in Lagos they will counsel with you about trade opportunity and industrial development. And they stand ready to bring you together with people who can help

you do business in Nigeria.

As a matter of fact, anywhere in the world you choose to do business there's a Chase branch, representative, affiliate or correspondent bank to serve you.

And wherever you live, wherever you trade, Chase Manhattan can help you. We ask for the opportunity.

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**RCA Space Age skills
help man reach for the stars...**

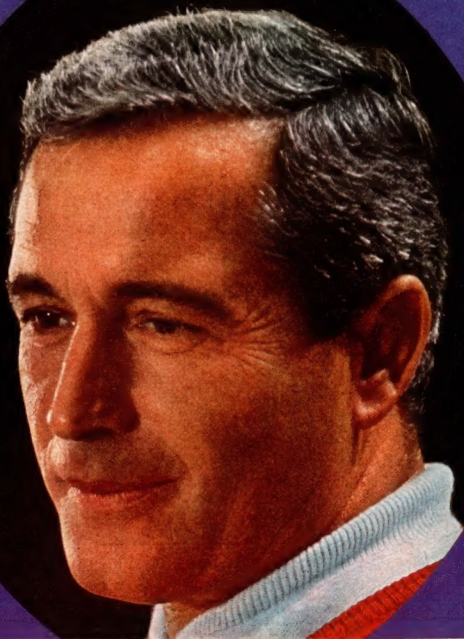


Come into the Space Age with RCA:

Ranger showed you pictures live from the moon. TIROS warns you of storms and hurricanes. Relay brought you the first color TV through space. RCA Space Age skills help to make these and many other NASA projects successful, as America reaches for the stars.

In addition to other vital spacecraft equipment, RCA built the reliable, high-performance recorders and recording circuitry in TIROS and Gemini. Thousands of pictures and millions of bits of data were recorded and then played back distortion-free for scientists to study.

**...and also help make Perry Como sound
as if he's singing in your living room**



SEE WALT DISNEY'S "WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR," SUNDAYS, NBC-TV NETWORK

Space Age Science works for you: RCA engineering skills are also responsible for the distortion-free, high-fidelity records you enjoy at home.

This comes as no surprise to those who know RCA Victor's superb Dynagroove records such as the new Perry Como

album. This advanced recording technique gives you the glorious realism, the live studio quality, found only in RCA Victor Dynagroove.

There are many ways to enter the Space Age. One of the surest is where you see the names RCA and RCA Victor.



The Most Trusted Name in Electronics



Yankee come here.

Were you ever in a country where people wanted to meet you just because you were an American and a guest in their country?

The Danish family in the pictures would like to meet you. This is Klaus Svenberg and his wife Birgitta and their two boys. Klaus is a farmer. There are other Danes who would like to meet you, from all walks of life.

Just visit the Danish National Travel As-

sociation, Banegaardspladsen 7, when you arrive in Copenhagen.

Or drop into the local tourist office of any large city in Denmark or Norway or Sweden or Finland and you'll find the names of English-speaking families who have signed up and enjoy meeting Americans in their homes.

Do you know of any other part of the world where people are so hospitable?

That's because there isn't any other part of the world where people are so hospitable.

SAS flies to Copenhagen, Bergen, Oslo, Stockholm and Helsinki. Leaving from New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Montreal and Anchorage. And within Europe, SAS serves more cities than any other transatlantic airline. Visit your travel agent or write: SAS, Dept. SX, 138-02 Queens Blvd., Jamaica, New York 11435.

Great August Furniture Sale!



WE LIKE SALES!

... because our customers like Sales.

Old friends and new come sweeping in, scooping up bargains. "OOing" and "AHing" and show delight. It puts us on our toes ... gives us a workout. And when it's over, we have space for many new things ... and like you we love to "re-decorate" with new furniture. It makes it nice for everybody.

COME IN NOW and get your share of the fantastic savings during our Great August Furniture Sale!

You'll save from 18% to 62%. Come in now ... many one-of-a-kind items in this great sale, so shop early for the best selection.



AUGUST SALE PRICES on our most wanted merchandise makes this a delight of a sale for lovers of fine Furniture. You are sure to find just what you want to make your home more beautiful and comfortable because of our tremendous name brand selection. Better hurry, most are one-of-a-kind and cannot be duplicated. Come see fabulous savings on ...

Ethan Allen
Bigelow Carpet
Basic-Witz
Daystrom
Douglas

Drexel
Bernhardt
Hibritten
Kargen
Kreehler

Thomasville
Lane
Scotchgard
Rembrandt Lamps
Silver Craft

Simmons Mattresses
Simmons Hide-A-Beds
Mohawk Carpets
Kent Coffey
Stratolounge

Unagusta
Williams
Weiman
White
... and others

Come in and browse 'til your heart's content. If you wish professional Interior Decorating help, It's Free for the asking.

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Budget
Plans!**

Henry M Goodman
A GOODMAN FOR GOOD FURNITURE

SOUTH: 525 W. 76th Street, Chicago

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NORTH: Golf Mill Shopping Center, Niles, Ill.

9450 N. Milwaukee Ave. at Golf Rd. CY 9-3344
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As a REG-a-CARD holder you will enjoy a 10% cash discount, on room rentals, in some of the country's finest AAA hotels and motels . . . PLUS a 20% cash discount at any National Car Rental office in the country. Naturally your REG-a-CARD savings are available to you as often as you travel—and best of all, REG-a-CARD membership costs only \$6.00 PER YEAR!

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the country's first
and finest
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I would like to travel with a discount, please
accept my application for membership, enclosed is \$6.00.

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If primarily for business travel, include:

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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, August 11

ABC SCOPE (ABC, 10:30-11 p.m.). "VD: Epidemic!" A report on the resurgence of venereal disease in the U.S. Repeat.

Thursday, August 12

THE DEFENDERS (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Robert Redford plays an escaped convict trying to prove his innocence. Repeat.

Friday, August 13

INTERNATIONAL BEAUTY SPECTACULAR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). Finals of the weeklong International Beauty Pageant in Long Beach, Calif., with representatives of 50 states and 50 foreign countries competing for the title of Miss International Beauty.

Saturday, August 14

P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP (ABC, 5-6:30 p.m.). Third round of the golf classic from the Laurel Valley Country Club in Ligonier, Pa.

SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES (NBC, 9-11:15 p.m.). *Trail, M-G-M's 1955 film about a university instructor (Glenn Ford) who defends a young boy (Rafael Campos) accused of murder.*

Sunday, August 15

P.G.A. CHAMPIONSHIP (ABC, 4-6 p.m.). Final rounds.

NBC SPORTS IN ACTION (NBC, 6-6:30 p.m.). World Surfing Championships at Waikiki and Kontiki, mountain climbing in the Peruvian Andes. Color.

THE TALL AMERICAN (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). A Project-20 portrait of Gary Cooper, including film clips from old movies and home movies. Repeat.

Monday, August 16

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 8-9 p.m.). Thrush agents plan brain surgery on Napoleon Solo in "The Green Opal Affair." Repeat.

SUMMER PLAYHOUSE (CBS, 8:30-9 p.m.). Another pilot that never became a series—this one stars Mercedes McCambridge as a college sorority housemother.

Tuesday, August 17

TUESDAY MOVIE SPECIAL (NBC, 8:30-11 p.m.). *Never So Few (M-G-M, 1959)* stars Frank Sinatra as a World War II captain in North Burma. To see how M-G-M gave a marble-tub bath scene by Gina Lollobrigida into the film is one reason to see it.

THEATER

Though many marquees go dark in summer, some of the most worthwhile shows of recent seasons stay on to enliven the doldrums. Highlights:

On Broadway

THE GLASS MENAGERIE. Director George Keathley's revival of Tennessee Williams' autobiographical story vividly re-creates the death of a family's dreams and the birth of a writer.

HALF A SIXPENCE, a musical minted from H. G. Wells's *Kipps*, gets its glitter from Tommy Steele, a toothy grin that sings

* All times E.D.T.

and dances with the infectious exuberance of a young cockney Chevalier.

THE ODD COUPLE. Walter Matthau and Art Carney, on leave from unhappy marriages, try to set up a *ménage à deux*, and their farcical failure makes hugely successful comedy.

LUV. Murray Schisgal displays three contemporary ids indulging in a slapstick conversational orgy, in the process brilliantly satirizes the playwrights of the absurd.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT. In this screeching funny comedy, Diana Sands is more panther than puss as a prostitute who unspools a stuffy clerk (Alan Alda).

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF. Zero Mostel gives body to a spirited hit musical derived from Sholom Aleichem's tale of Tevye and his five daughters, their joys and troubles in a czarist Russian village. Mostel will be replaced by Luther Adler Aug. 16.

Off Broadway

LIVE LIKE PIGS. In British Playwright John Arden's shattering drama, the passions and frustrations of a nomadic band in a housing development detonate a series of emotional explosions.

KRAPP'S LAST TAPE, by Samuel Beckett, and **THE ZOO STORY,** by Edward Albee. Two fledgling classics—one about an old has-been, the other about a young never-will-be—are unsettling and provocative.

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE. Arthur Miller's brooding tragedy fuses Greek themes with the story of a Brooklyn longshoreman and his family.

THE ROOM AND A SLIGHT ACHE. Harold Pinter's opaque one-acters are skilled finger exercises on the theme of dread.

CINEMA

SHIP OF FOOLS. This flashy popular melodrama by Producer-Director Stanley Kramer out of Novelist Katherine Anne Porter's mordant allegory concerns a German vessel bound from Veracruz to Bremerhaven during the early 1930s. Despite the Meaningful Dialogue they have to spout, Vivien Leigh, Lee Marvin, Simone Signoret and Oskar Werner provide fast company for the long haul.

THESE ARE THE DAMNED. Director Joseph Losey (*The Servant*) unleashes his razzle-dazzle camera techniques in a small science-fiction thriller about a tart (Shirley Anne Field) and a tourist (MacDonald Carey) who stumble onto some nightmarish experiments on the English coast.

THE KNACK. An embattled virgin (Rita Tushingham) fends off three zany British bachelors, millions of sight gags and reels of New Cinema gimmicks in Director Richard Lester's (*A Hard Day's Night*) version of the New York-London stage hit.

A HIGH WIND IN JAMAICA. True to the spirit of Richard Hughes's classic adventure tale, seven not-so-innocent children put to sea with a scruffy pirate crew led by Anthony Quinn, who finds every tumbled head a headache.

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES. A corps of high-borne comedians (Gert Frobe, Alberto Sordi, Terry-Thomas) barnstorm through a London-Paris air race at the controls of delightful vintage-1910 aircraft—held together by heroism, slapstick and nostalgia.

THE COLLECTOR. In Director William Wyler's grisly but somewhat glamorized treatment of the novel by John Fowles,

a lovely art student (Samantha Eggart) wages a war of nerves against a manic lepidopterist (Terence Stamp) who has locked her in a dungeon.

CAT BALLOU. Two no-good gunfighters (both played to perfection by Lee Marvin) brighten a way-out western about a schoolmarm (Jane Fonda) who trades readin' and writin' for a catch-up course in train robbery.

BOOKS

Best Reading

THE GARDEN OF THE FINZI-CONTINIS, by Giorgio Bassani. The author was responsible for the posthumous publication of *The Leopard*, and he has learned much from the master. Bassani's gracefully written novel depicts the elegant, decadent world of a rich Jewish family and its confrontation with Fascism and death.

THE LOOKING GLASS WAR, by John Le Carré. The author of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* has written another bleak, absorbing novel about Britain's aging espionage agents, their archaic methods, and their attempts to relive World War II glories in cold war intrigue.

THE MAKEPEACE EXPERIMENT, by Abram Tertz. The pseudonymous author, a Russian satirist who has smuggled out four previous novels, writes a deft parable in which Communist bosses are likened to a village bicycle mechanic who learns to control people with "mental magnetism." With his new powers, the mechanic makes the village government "withier away," with disastrously funny results.

INTERIM, by Doctor X. A young doctor's log of his internship in a city hospital is filled with continual, overlapping crises, costly mistakes and occasional triumphs.

MICHAEL FARADAY, by L. Pearce Williams. Faraday (1791-1867) was probably the greatest experimental scientist who ever lived; the first induction of electric current and the first dynamo are among his achievements. Author Williams shows how Faraday's almost limitless intelligence emerges and finally flourishes, with only a Sunday-school education.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. *The Source*, Michener (1 last week)
2. *Up the Down Staircase*, Kaufman (2)
3. *The Looking Glass War*, Le Carré (3)
4. *Hotel*, Hailey (5)
5. *The Ambassador*, West (6)
6. *The Green Berets*, Moore (4)
7. *Don't Stop the Carnival*, Wolfe (7)
8. *Night of Camp David*, Knebel (8)
9. *Herzog*, Bellow (10)
10. *The Flight of the Falcon*, Du Maurier (9)

NON-FICTION

1. *The Making of the President, 1964*, White (1)
2. *Is Paris Burning?* Collins and Lapiere (2)
3. *Markings*, Hammarskjöld (3)
4. *The Oxford History of the American People*, Morison (4)
5. *Intern, Doctor X* (7)
6. *Journal of a Soul*, Pope John XXIII (5)
7. *Games People Play*, Berne
8. *Sixpence in Her Shoe*, McGinley
9. *The Kinky-Kolored Tangerine-Flake Streamline Baby*, Wolfe (9)
10. *How to Be a Jewish Mother*, Greenburg

Firestone

Your Symbol
of Quality
& Service



It's not what we get out of racing that counts...it's what you get:

the Firestone Nylon "500"

Again this year, the Indianapolis 500 winner came in on Firestone tires, to mark Firestone's 42nd consecutive victory. The big race has been a proving ground for Firestone tire engineering for more than 50 years, and from this racing research comes the toughest, longest-wearing passenger car tire we've ever built—the Firestone Nylon "500."

Like our racing tire, the Nylon "500" features the same wrap-around tread for sure-footed traction on curves. It has the same beefed-up shoulders for straight-line stability at highway speeds. And like its Indianapolis namesake, it sports the same extra mileage Sup-R-Tuf rubber, the same

Super-Weld body construction, the same Super-Strength nylon cord. Two of a kind . . . right down to the golden-stripe styling, now a symbol of extra mileage, maximum safety.

Firestone tires benefit directly from racing research. So can you. Get the tire that's backed by Firestone's famous No-Limit Nationwide Road-Hazard Guarantee—the Firestone Nylon "500." You can charge it, if you like, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.

All Firestone Passenger Car Tires carry a full 50,000-mile guarantee against failure in workmanship and materials, and all scored and treaded patterns for the life of the original tread. Replacements are provided on tread wear and biased direction. Firestone retail price at time of advertisement.

See a Super-Shop Super-Weld Firestone Tires

The name that's known is Firestone - all over the world



Captain Frank Baquet, 1st Officer Wesley Chabnick, 2nd Officer Justin Campbell

Why do all Eastern flight crews
go back to school each year?

For the same reason there
is a nursery in every Falcon Lounge.



"Why are we expanding our Whisperjet fleet? (Soon there will be 50.) Why may you dine aloft on famous Rosenthal China? Why do all Eastern flight crews go back to school each year?

Why? For one reason. We want to make Eastern the finest, most comfortable airline you've ever flown on. Every new convenience, every new comfort we add along the way becomes another opportunity for us to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."

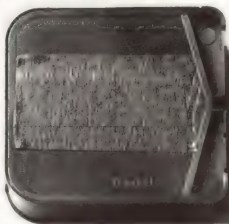
Whisperjet is a service mark of Eastern Airlines, Inc.

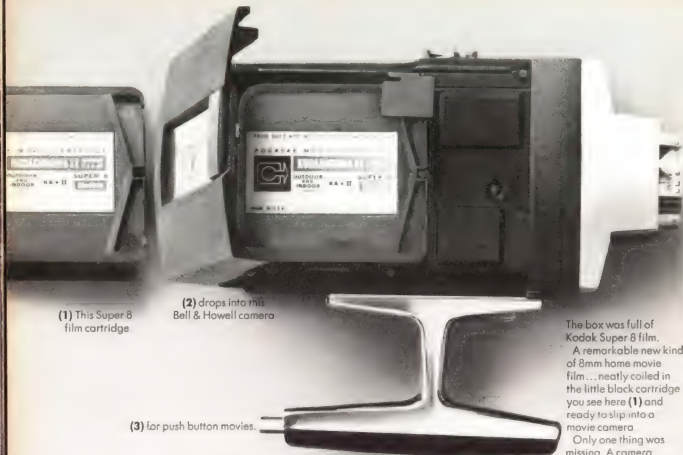


EASTERN

See how much better an airline can be

Over a year ago, Bell & Howell received a mysterious black box from Eastman Kodak.





(1) This Super 8 film cartridge

(2) drops into this Bell & Howell camera

(3) for push button movies.

The box was full of Kodak Super 8 film.

A remarkable new kind of 8mm home movie film... neatly coiled in the little black cartridge you see here (1) and ready to slip into a movie camera.

Only one thing was missing. A camera to slip it into.

So for over a year now, while Kodak has been perfecting the film... we've been perfecting our Super 8 Camera.

It's ready.

If you've always thought you needed an MIT degree just to be able to load a movie camera... take a look at the all-electric Bell & Howell Super 8.

It's a snap.

You'll notice that the whole loading apparatus consists of nothing more than a little door (2).

Open it. Drop in the film cartridge. Close it. And click... you've not only loaded the camera, you've set the film speed and chosen the filter so you can use the same film indoors and out.

No dials. No switches.

Everything is done for you by precise sensing devices inside the camera.



(5)



(4)



Now take movies. Go on. Push the button (3).

Want to zoom in?

Push that button on top of the camera (4).

Ready to zoom back?

There's only one button left.

(5) Push it. Congratulations! You're an expert.

The interesting thing is, your movies will be brighter, even bigger than ever before. That's because of the new film. But they'll also be sharper, clearer. And that's because of some ingenious Bell & Howell safeguards.

Like a satin-smooth zoom that operates on its own power.

And a lens system (6) about as sophisticated as the one we designed for the U.S. moonshot. And, to make your movies sharper, a new kind of electric eye (7).

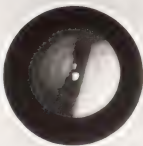
(It's got a strange little mirror-shutter right where the light hits the film, so you can take movies even in glaring sunlight.)

Sure improvements like that make things difficult for us. After all, producing precision instruments is bound to be a tougher job than just turning out cameras.

But we learned one thing a long time ago. The harder we make things for ourselves...

the easier it is for you

Now, ready... smile!



(6)



(7)

Bell & Howell

builds photographic instruments a little better than they really have to be

How can you be sure of "on-the-spot" refunds if your travelers checks are lost or destroyed?



Simple. Always choose
First National City Travelers Checks
...with a global refund system
second to none.

Travelers get complete protection for their money with First National City Travelers Checks. As these 'round-the-world tests show, they offer you *ready availability...immediate acceptability...on-the-spot refundability*. In case of loss, Western Union Operator 25 can direct you to the closest of thousands of U.S. refund points. Overseas, there are thousands more refund points...principal hotels can direct you to the nearest one. Backed by the leader in world-wide banking, First National City Travelers Checks cost just one cent per dollar. Ask for them by name at your bank.



Test No. 1—Refundability—in Paris

To make this test, Miss Sydney M. Roberts of Villanova, Pa. actually burned \$200 worth of First National City Travelers Checks. Total loss? Interruption in travel? Not at all. Miss Roberts was directed by her hotel to a nearby Société Générale bank office where she promptly received a full, on-the-spot refund.



Test No. 2—Acceptability—in Nassau

Honeymooners Mr. and Mrs. Peter S. Alling of Durham, N. C. enjoyed a round at the picturesque Nassau Golf Club. Greens fee? Paid for, as all their travel needs, with a First National City Travelers Check.



Test No. 3—Availability—in Littleton

Before leaving Colorado for a Mediterranean trip, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Yost stopped at The Arapahoe County Bank for First National City Travelers Checks. It's a quick and easy transaction at banks everywhere.

First National City Travelers Checks are "Better Than Money," wherever you go!

Official Travelers Check, New York World's Fair 1965 • Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation



You would like it in the Northern Plains: Saint Paul, Minnesota

One of the three known Triceratops fossils in the world greets visitors to Saint Paul's new Arts and Science Center. The 70,000,000 year old relic of the Upper Cretaceous Period, by far the largest Triceratops dinosaur yet discovered, has been painstakingly reconstructed in the Center's two-story grand concourse. Saint Paul's new Center is unique. It is one of the few public facilities in the country to combine the sciences with the visual and performing arts. The grand concourse extends an entire city block and provides easy access to all principal areas. The building houses the Science Museum, the Saint Paul Art Center, the Theatre Saint Paul, an Auditorium, meeting rooms

and offices of the Saint Paul Civic Opera Association, Schubert Club and Saint Paul Philharmonic Society. A Rooftop Lounge overlooks Minnesota's State Capitol. Individuals will find cultural opportunities in Saint Paul. Industry will find economic opportunities. Saint Paul is an industrial center set in a rich agricultural area, with excellent transportation, an alert work force and a wealth of resources. Abundant natural gas is piped to Saint Paul by Northern Natural Gas Company and distributed by Northern States Power Company. For information about plant location opportunities in Saint Paul, write the Area Development Dept., Northern Natural Gas Company, Omaha, Nebr.



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Away-on-business-miss-your-wife-blues? American Express asks, why?

Square. That's what you are.

A lot of men can't wait for the out-of-town business trip. Bring on the fun and all that.

Not you. You go it alone.

You sit by yourself and feel self-conscious and wonder how your wife is and what she's doing.

You *could* bring your wife on your next business trip and have a ball. It's never been easier.

With "Sign & Fly" service, you can charge *her* plane ticket on your American Express Credit Card and take a year to pay.

When you "Sign & Fly," your credit is unquestioned. Show your

American Express Card when you buy the ticket. Sign your name. No red tape, delay or deposit.

And you can choose the way you want to pay for her ticket.

1. Extended plan. Take up to a year to pay. The service charge is substantially lower than similar plans.

PLAN	12 MONTH CHARGE PER \$100
"Sign & Fly" service	\$6.00 (Averages 50¢ a month)
Another major credit card plan	More than \$9.50

2. Regular billing. You can also pay for your wife's ticket on your next

American Express statement with no service charge.

"Sign & Fly" Air France, American, Continental, Delta, Eastern, Icelandic, National, Northeast, Northwest Orient, Pan Am, TWA, United, Western. 49 other airlines.

New lower family fares now available on most U.S. airlines.

And next vacation, "Sign & Travel." This new credit card service lets you charge tours and take a year to pay.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
The Company For People who Travel

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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TIME, AUGUST 13, 1985 138

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

EVERY story in TIME is written and edited in New York by staff members whose experience and knowledge is intensely applied to weighing facts obtained from a wide variety of sources. To write this week's cover story, Associate Editor Robert F. Jones had, along with many facets of research from other places, the reporting of an unusual team of correspondents in India.

It can be said that reporting for the story actually began well over a year ago when Louis Kraar, then our bureau chief in New Delhi, made the accurate assumption that Lal Bahadur Shastri would be the successor to Jawaharlal Nehru as Prime Minister of India. Shastri, working unobtrusively in a little office next to Nehru's, at first evaded Kraar's request for an extended interview, but finally agreed on the condition that he would not be used until, as he delicately put it, "events had taken their course." By last week, when the cover story was going to press, Kraar had finished a two-year stint in India and was on his way to a new assignment in Southeast Asia. Our new bureau chief in New Delhi, bringing the on-the-scene aspects of the story up to date, is Marvin Zim, who, as a Washington correspondent, had worked on that end of the story before he left for India.

When a change of this kind occurs in one of our bureaus, there is almost always a steady-as-she-goes man on deck who provides continuity as well as expertise. In New Delhi this is James Shepherd, an Indian by birth, upbringing and education, fluent in Hindi and Bengali, a working newsman since 1946 who has been reporting Indian affairs for TIME since 1953. With the reporting of Kraar, Zim and Shepherd (as well as some colorful asides from Indian Photographer T. S. Satyan, who spent two hours on the sacred waters of the

Ganges to take one of the pictures for the color pages), Writer Jones had a clear and complete on-the-spot picture. This, added to his other store of information, formed the basis for the analysis, assessment and judgment that he and the editors had to make to produce the definitive story on India's Prime Minister.*

THE biggest news in the U.S. last week was the final enactment of the new voting rights law and the steps President Johnson announced to put it to work immediately in the registration of Negro voters (see THE NATION). There were, however, at least three other stories that attested to the Negro's progress toward full participation in U.S. life. While they didn't make such big headlines, they have a considerable significance and can be read with a measure of pride by anyone who approaches the civil rights question with good will. Don't miss *The Ace (in SPORT)*, *Tenor in Whiteface (MUSIC)*, and *More Than Color (PRESS)*.

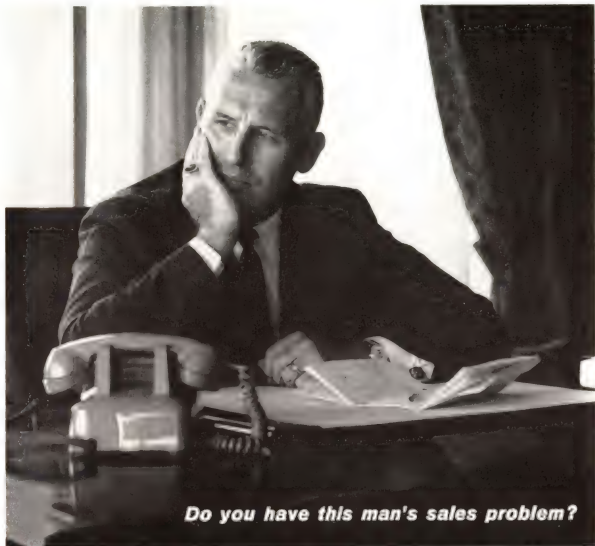
AFTER reading this week's ESSAY, one of TIME's editors abruptly abandoned his intention of having another try at Plato's *Dialogues* on his summer vacation, decided instead to take along *The Cuckoo Line Affair*, the love poems of John Donne, and *Walbaum's Life History of the Striped Bass (Roccus saxatilis)*. TIME's readers may also profit from the Essay, which suggests some rules for vacation reading, warns of the commoner pitfalls, and supplies tips for point scorers. Experience Maximizers and those who simply feel that they are being sealed off from the world by an ever-rising wall of unread tomes.

* For the background of the cover painting, Robert Vickrey used the flag of India.

INDEX

Cover Story... 18

Color: India... 19	Essay: Summer Reading... 34
Art... 44	Medicine... 57
Books... 77	Milestones... 72
Cinema... 74	Modern Living... 62
Education... 48	Music... 54
The Hemisphere... 30	The Nation... 15
The Law... 36	People... 33
Letters... 10	Press... 58
Religion... 42	Science... 52
Sport... 50	Time Listings... 4
U.S. Business... 65	The World... 18
World Business... 68	



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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

August 13, 1965 Vol. 86, No. 7

THE NATION

CIVIL RIGHTS

"Your Future Depends on It"

The ceremony was unique—and fitting for the historic occasion. Last week President Johnson signed into law a bill that will almost immediately add more than 1,000,000 American Negroes to the nation's voting rolls.

For the signing, the President drove to the Capitol, appeared in the Rotunda before an audience of 800 Congressmen, Cabinet officers, civil rights leaders and others. To his right was a statue of Abraham Lincoln, to his left a bust of the Emancipator. On national television and radio, the President recalled that the first Negro slaves in the U.S. were landed at Jamestown in 1619. "They came in darkness and chains," he said. "Today we strike away the last major shackle of those fierce and ancient bonds."

To the President, this was "a triumph for freedom as huge as any victory won on any battlefield. Today the Negro story and the American story fuse and blend."

Next, Johnson went to the President's Room of the Capitol, a small but ornate room with a large gilt chandelier near the Senate chamber. It was in that room, 104 years before to the very day, that President Lincoln had signed a bill freeing slaves forced into the service of the Confederacy (the famed Emancipation Proclamation came 17 months later). To sign the voting rights bill, President Johnson used 50 pens, squiggling a tiny portion of his signature with each. He handed the first pen to Vice President Hubert Humphrey, the second to Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, the third to New York's Senator Robert Kennedy.

The effect of the law was felt immediately, and Johnson made eminently clear his determination to move with "dispatch in enforcing this act." At his orders:

► The Census Bureau certified Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Georgia, Virginia, South Carolina, Alaska and parts of North Carolina as areas that have voter-qualification tests that impede registration and where 50% or more of the voting-age population failed to register or vote in 1964. Federal examiners were to be sent to parts



JOHNSON IN THE ROTUNDA

"You must register, you must vote. And you must learn."

of some of these states with authority to register disenfranchised persons. At week's end 45 examiners, having gone through a three-day training course at Civil Service Commission headquarters, already were on their way.

► Justice officials worked throughout the week end preparing a list of all counties that fail to meet the franchise requirements set up by the bill. This week federal registrars were to be sent into 10 to 15 of those counties; this, it was hoped, would stimulate voluntary compliance in other counties. Not even illiteracy will be considered a bar to voting registration.

► The Justice Department filed suit challenging Mississippi's poll tax as being in violation of the 15th Amendment to the Constitution. This week the department planned to file similar suits against Alabama, Virginia, and Texas.

"The time for waiting," said the President in his television speech, "is gone." Even as he spoke, the civil rights revolution continued to bubble and boil. In Americus, Ga., white toughs beat five civil rights workers, and demonstrations continued—but county officials appointed three Negro voting clerks and registered more than 300 Negro voters in a single day. In Bogalusa, La., two Negro policemen were hired. In Slidell, La., night riders burned two Negro churches. In Chicago, civil rights demonstrators marched outside the modest home of

► In Hale County, Ala., last week local registrars started using the state's new, simplified literacy test, which requires applicants to copy the state constitution in longhand and answer questions from this copy. Officials flunked 54 out of 93 Negro applicants.

Mayor Richard Daley—and were pelted with eggs and tomatoes by Daley's white neighbors. In Washington and Philadelphia, Martin Luther King led more marches.

Yet there was a growing sentiment that perhaps it was time for the revolution to move off the streets. This sentiment was expressed by Whitney Young, director of the National Urban League, at his organization's national convention in Miami. "A speech is not a program," said Young. "A rally or a demonstration does not guarantee a job or prepare anyone for one." To consolidate the Negro's "revolution of fulfillment," said Young, requires the highest sense of responsibility: "While Negroes expect equality from whites, they must demand excellence from themselves."

It was in that same spirit that the President of the U.S. addressed himself to the American Negro in his Rotunda speech: "Let me now say to every Negro in this country: you must register, you must vote. And you must learn, so your choice advances your interest and the interest of our beloved nation. Your future, and your children's future, depend upon it."

"No Immunity"

Martin Luther King, among other Negro leaders, has long since enunciated the notion that civil rights demonstrators should defy a particular law if they consider it "unjust" or "morally wrong." Under the umbrella of this idea that civil disobedience is O.K. when it is done in the name of civil rights, demonstrators have dumped garbage in New York's City Hall Plaza, urinated in a

Montgomery, Ala., public square, staged a sit-in in a White House corridor, and stopped traffic on scores of streets and highways by lying down on the pavement.

Last week in Montgomery, U.S. District Judge Frank M. Johnson Jr. ruled that civil righteousness is no excuse for lawlessness. A native Alabamian, and a Republican who was appointed to the bench by President Eisenhower, Johnson has probably handled more sticky civil rights cases than any other federal trial judge. More often than not, he has ruled in favor of the civil rights forces—as last spring, when he authorized the Selma-for-Montgomery Negro protest march. Says Johnson: "I'm not a segregationist, but I'm no crusader either. I just interpret the law."

Last spring 167 persons demonstrated before the Alabama state capital in Montgomery and were charged variously with loitering, disturbing the peace and refusing to obey officers. Also arrested were 16 persons who had demonstrated at Montgomery's predominantly Negro Alabama State College. The charge against them: trespassing. Both groups sought to have their cases transferred from local to federal court, on the grounds that they were exercising their constitutional rights.

Last week Johnson refused to accept jurisdiction. Ruled the judge: "There is no immunity conferred by our Constitution and laws of the United States to those individuals who insist upon practicing civil disobedience under the guise of demonstrating or protesting for 'civil rights.' The philosophy that a person may—if his cause is labeled 'civil rights' or 'states' rights—determine for himself what laws and court decisions are morally right or wrong and either obey or refuse to obey them according to his own determination, is a philosophy that is foreign to our 'rule-of-law' theory of government."

"Those who resort to civil disobedience such as the petitioners were engaged in . . . cannot and should not escape arrest and prosecution. Civil disobedience by 'civil rights workers' in the form of 'going limp' and lying or marching in the streets or upon the sidewalks, or marching around the city hall while night court was in session, singing 'freedom' songs, or taking to the streets to do their parading and picketing in lieu of using the sidewalks, while failing to make any application to city authorities for a parade permit, is still a violation of the law."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

The Deep-Breathing Season

After a string of monsoon-season victories in which they chewed up eight South Vietnamese battalions, the Communist Viet Cong suddenly slowed their offensive. Whether they were pausing to catch their breath—or to fathom President Johnson's recent pronouncement, calling for both a buildup of U.S. forces

and a renewed try for peace—was unclear. But the fact was that while the guerrillas have conducted some small-unit actions, it has been weeks since they have risked any big, battalion-scale attacks.

Nip-Ups, Not Knockouts. The Viet Cong had reason enough to work out in nip-ups rather than knockouts. According to Saigon, they sustained their heaviest losses of the war last month: 3,050 dead (by actual body count), an estimated 6,000 wounded, 4,130 defectors—about the equivalent of a full combat division. Clearly, the losses were hurting. Squawking to North Viet Nam, the Viet Cong requested enough volunteers to "step up the resistance of the war ten times." The request, of course, was a mere formality, since Hanoi is estimated to have 10,000 regulars in the South already. Red China chimed in, too, offered for the umpteenth time to send volunteers at the request of the guerrillas. "The 650 million Chinese," roared Peking, were ready to send "our men to fight shoulder to shoulder with [the Viet Cong] to drive out the U.S. aggressors."

Along with the lull in the fighting came a frantic flurry of diplomatic activity. At the United Nations, in London, Cairo and Belgrade, statesmen scurried about in quest of the magic formula to end the war. Among the few whose efforts deserved notice was veteran U.S. Ambassador-at-Large W. Averell Harriman. Returning to Washington from a "vacation" in the Soviet Union, Harriman advised the President that Russia's leaders "sincerely wanted peace," but could not be counted on to take any initiatives to settle the Viet Nam war. "I don't know whether they have any influence," said Harriman. "The indications seem to be that Peking considers this conflict in their interest to continue."

Most Fatuous by Far. Of all the striped-pants sorties, the most fatuous by far was launched by Ghana's President Kwame Nkrumah. Amid great fanfare, Nkrumah sent Foreign Minister Alex Quaison-Sackey off to Washington with a personal letter for Lyndon Johnson. If U.S. officials were hoping for news of an important development, however, they were in for a letdown. Nkrumah, who expects to visit Hanoi soon, was chiefly interested in making sure that U.S. bombers would not turn his arrival into the wrong kind of reception blast. Patiently, L.B.J. assured the Ghanaian that "not a bomb has fallen" on Hanoi, but that the U.S. would not stop its bombing of other parts of North Viet Nam.

The mission that held the most fascination was French Minister of Cultural Affairs André Malraux's visit to Red China. At week's end it was not certain just what, if anything, had transpired, but it was at least a top-level visit. Malraux represented Charles de Gaulle and he did speak with Mao Tse-tung (see **THE WORLD**).

THE SENATE ON VIET NAM: Anxiety & Assent

THE U.S. Senate takes with dedicated seriousness its traditional role of watchdog on foreign policy, stemming from its constitutional powers of advice and consent on treaties and the appointment of ambassadors. Senate sentiment about present U.S. policy toward Viet Nam therefore becomes of vital concern. How do the members of the Senate feel about Viet Nam? Last week TIME's congressional correspondents interviewed almost a score of the Senate's members—a sampling ranging across regional, party and ideological lines. Among those who were not interviewed were Senators whose views have long been on the record—such as Oregon Democrat Wayne Morse, who thinks the U.S. has no business in Viet Nam (said Morse, in a Senate speech last week: "I have been asked by more people than I would have thought possible if there is not grounds for impeachment of the President"), and Re-



RUSSELL

GORE

publican Leader Everett Dirksen, who has professed himself willing to follow wherever the Democratic President may lead militarily in Viet Nam.

TIME's interviews disclosed a wide range of Senate unhappiness. But mostly, despite their uneasiness, the Senators seemed willing to substitute anxiety and assent for advice and consent. Senate trial quotes:

Georgia Democrat Richard Russell, chairman of the Armed Services Committee: "The West has made about every conceivable blunder in Viet Nam since the time the fighting started over there. But there isn't a way out just now. We are deeply committed, and it's been a growing commitment. We can't leave now without breaking our word, and that would be worst of all."

Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, chairman of the Senate Preparedness Subcommittee: "Within the Senate, there is solid support for standing firm in Viet Nam. Within the group, there are a great many regrets that we are in there. But we are in there. Our flag is committed. Our boys are committed. We've got to back them up. We would invite much more serious trouble elsewhere in Asia and throughout the world

if we set a precedent in being pushed out. I regret that we got in there. And I regret the extent to which we have become committed—particularly because we are committed alone. I don't think we can continue to go it alone indefinitely. I continue to think that others will help us in Viet Nam. We can't pull out."

Utah Democrat Frank Moss: "I have misgivings because I can't see what the ultimate outcome will be. My problem is the same as it is for so many others. When I'm asked what to do, I am at a loss to answer."

Tennessee Democrat Albert Gore: "We now find ourselves involved in a war that defies analysis in traditional military terms, in a war that makes little sense as it is being waged, in a war that we have scant hope of winning except at a cost which far outweighs the fruits of victory, in a war suitable to the enemy, in a place and under conditions that no military man in his right mind would choose, in a war which threatens to escalate into a major power confrontation and which could escalate into a nuclear holocaust. I am sure the President has carefully contem-

South Carolina Republican Strom Thurmond: "If we are going to follow a non-win policy, as we have in practically all of our conflicts with the Communists since World War II, then we might as well get out now, rather than be negotiated out later, resulting in eventual surrender and the loss of many young American lives. I still believe, as did General MacArthur, that there is no substitute for victory."

Vermont Republican George Aiken: "The Senate now is more inclined to let the Administration assume the responsibility to get out of the mess the best way it can. There's a tendency to give less advice on Viet Nam. There were those who thought we should get out, lock, stock and barrel, and those who thought we should take on everybody. I think opinion has moderated at both ends. We can't afford to clear out of Viet Nam. Many of us agree that negotiations are highly advisable and that the U.N. hopefully is an effective agency to deal with the situation."

Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield of Montana: "I don't know anybody in the Senate who's happy about it. A good many are disturbed. If they can't

tainty. We all want to support the President, and we're going to support the President, but we don't see much headway. Where does it end? We don't know. That's disturbing and somewhat distressing."

Maine Democrat Edmund Muskie: "I don't have any alternative that I consider realistic or any more effective than what the President is using. Trying to play the game looking over his shoulder without seeing his cards is difficult to do. On the face of it, I can't accept the idea of withdrawal. I feel unhappy about Viet Nam—but I'm not particularly rebellious. The idea of the measured response is what bothers people. They'd like a more clear-cut way to reach objectives. I don't see how he could go further on the peace offensive than he has without some indication that the enemy is receptive."

Ohio Democrat Stephen Young: "There really isn't any government in South Viet Nam at all, and there are too many hard-nosed militarists prevailing nowadays. We're trapped there."

Pennsylvania Democrat Joe Clark: "I don't think that you can scuttle and run. I think that as you watch the



HICKENLOOPER



AIKEN



MANSFIELD



ANDERSON



PASTORE



McGEE

plated the danger of permitting the United States to be bogged down in an endless war in Asia, thus leaving the Soviets free to work their machinations in Latin America, in the Mediterranean basin, in Europe, and perhaps elsewhere. Vacuums are tempting—they might be irresistibly so. We are closing the breach in the Communist world. We should minimize our involvement rather than maximize it. No one is suggesting that we duck tail and run. It's a question of priorities."

Iowa Republican Bourke Hickenlooper, ranking G.O.P. member of the Foreign Relations Committee: "We're in the quicksand and we've got to get out. The Senate is quite generally—practically universally—in support of a vigorous pursuit of this situation in Viet Nam. There's a difference between approval and support. Many things and actions that have happened have not met with my approval. We may be injuring our cause somewhat by the constant and repeated assertions that we want to settle—which we do. But I'm afraid we create the idea that we are in a situation of desperation, and that hardens their attitude rather than softens it."

come up with alternatives, they see nothing to do but let the President take the responsibility. It hasn't been easy—and it won't be. It can't be settled soon—because it can't be."

Florida Democrat George Smathers: "We're not looking for any glory out there. It's not a question of how we got there or why. We're there. The question is, what do we do?"

Oklahoma Democrat Fred Harris: "We can't predict that we will have the right results in Viet Nam, but our actions are rightly conceived. I know this is the only course we can follow. Nobody is really happy about it. Events are controlling us, and no one likes to be controlled by events. Within the limits of his options, President Johnson is doing his best to control events. There isn't anything to do but what the President is doing."

Louisiana Democrat Russell Long, the majority whip: "Congress is going to stay with the President and give him what he asks for. We have no choice. There's general agreement that we have to stand firm."

New Mexico Democrat Clinton Anderson: "The Senate's current sentiment is not so much disquiet as uncer-

President's position, his last performance means he's going to play it very *sotto voce* for the rest of the year. It's just another indication of his political genius."

Rhode Island Democrat John Pastore: "The question of whether we should have gone in there in the first place is subject to debate. The situation that confronts us now is not debatable. We have a commitment. Our men are engaged. The Administration, with the backing of Congress, has stated the policy. It's firm. It's fixed. It does us all well to support it unequivocally. By and large, the great majority of the Senate—with very few, very few exceptions—supports the President in his position."

Wyoming Democrat Gale McGee: "In Viet Nam today, we are experiencing a clandestine form of international Communist aggression which stands as the greatest remaining threat to peace in the world. This insidious aggression, known as 'wars of national liberation,' stands on trial in Viet Nam. If it succeeds, it can only lead to further aggression elsewhere. But if it fails, we can hope that aggression may be over forever."

ARMED FORCES

Stripped & Shortchanged

Under heated Washington discussion last week was an inch-thick report stamped "Secret." Written after a six-month investigation by the Senate's Preparedness subcommittee, headed by Mississippi Democrat John Stennis, the report is highly critical of the U.S. Army's supply and equipment situation.

Many of the Army's 16 active divisions, the report says, have been stripped of certain categories of existing equipment and shortchanged on new gear because Viet Nam, understandably, gets top priority. As a result, there are "significant" shortages compounded by problems of equipment obsolescence. While there is "no evidence of any significant or serious shortages in Viet Nam itself," said Stennis, in commenting on the report, "the continued drawing down of our assets and resources for Viet Nam could create an unacceptable and dangerous degradation in the Army's ability to meet other contingencies." Added Stennis: "To permit this to happen would be a perilous and risky gamble with national security."

Specifically, the report finds problems in three general areas:

► **COMMUNICATIONS.** A shortage of radios required to maintain combat communications, whether at the walkie-talkie level of squad leader or at the more sophisticated level of division headquarters. Also in short supply: spotting equipment for mortars; warning systems to detect approaching aircraft; good guidance and control systems to give fast, low-flying bombers pinpoint accuracy.

► **TRANSPORTATION.** Obsolete equipment, notably trucks and troop carriers of World War II and Korean War vintage, and shortages, particularly of helicopters. The Army has 400 heli-

copters in Viet Nam, keeps them at full strength only by scrounging replacements from three Stateside divisions, all part of the Strategic Army Corps, which is held in reserve to cope with emergencies anywhere in the world.

► **ORDNANCE.** Shortages of .30- and 50-cal. machine-gun rounds, of ammunition for 20-mm. antitank guns and, most important, of 7.62-mm. ammo for the M-14 rifle. Most of the ammunition now being turned out goes straight to Viet Nam, leaving such units as the U.S. Seventh Army in Europe in short supply.

To Stennis, the report showed the need for "vigorous and prompt corrective action," but he emphasized that "we're not in any peril point." With that, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara heartily agreed. Moreover, McNamara argued, in closed-door testimony before the Senate Defense Appropriations subcommittee last week, that the shortages cited in the Stennis report are exaggerated in some cases, nonexistent in others.

In other testimony before the committee, McNamara requested a \$1.7 billion supplemental appropriation to help finance the Vietnamese war buildup announced a few days earlier by President Johnson; he also said he would be back in January to ask for more. He specified a 340,000-man increase in the armed forces, bringing the total to 2,980,000, proposed reinforcing the Army with a new 15,000-man division, three 4,000-man combat brigades, 15 helicopter companies.

The appropriation is certain of swift approval. Fact is, most Senators doubted whether \$1.7 billion would be anywhere near enough. To correct the Army's equipment situation, suggests the Stennis report, may take an additional \$12-18 billion over the next five years.



RUSK AT PRESS CONFERENCE
Better boredom than drama.

THE CABINET

Rusk's Reply

Last week, at his first press conference in ten weeks, Secretary of State Dean Rusk reiterated some truths about Viet Nam. "The problem of peace in Viet Nam rests with Hanoi," he said. "That is, our forces are there because of the infiltration of men and arms by Hanoi into South Viet Nam. Had that not occurred, our forces would not be in South Viet Nam. So it is Hanoi that has to decide to bring its troops back and stop its infiltration of men and arms. They are the ones that hold the key to peace as far as we are concerned."

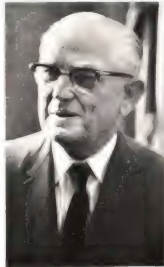
But what everyone wanted to hear was Rusk's reaction to Arthur Schlesinger Jr.'s serialized, stiletto-sharp attack on Rusk as a "Buddhalike," ineffective Secretary of State whom President Kennedy had decided to fire after the 1964 elections (TIME, July 30). To those who hoped for a vigorous answer in kind, Rusk's reply was disappointing. All he displayed was a quiet dignity that Schlesinger undoubtedly would have called Buddhalike.

"I'm not going to comment on these particular remarks or similar remarks that might be made while I am in public office," said Rusk. "I am quite sure that the future historian is going to look back on this period with a compound eye, that is, through many facets." Rusk said he planned to tape-record his own impressions of events during his tenure as Secretary of State, and they would become available when the papers of Presidents Kennedy and Johnson were made public. "But," he added pointedly, "my associates in Government and my colleagues abroad can rest on the assurance that when they deal with me on the basis of confidence, that confidence will be respected."

Schlesinger also reported Kennedy's frustrations at what he called the undynamic, uninspired operation of the State Department. Replied Rusk: "The Department of State is filled with competent and dedicated officers who have



SECRETARY McNAMARA



SENATOR STENNIS

Better too much than not enough?

to grapple every day with the most complex and difficult problems that this nation has to face. Now there are times when some wish us to act with more drama, but there are problems about dramatizing issues, if drama gets in the way of settlement . . . The department's purpose is to try to bring about what some people will call a boring situation, that is, a period of peace. But settlement is our object, and settlement frequently is not very newsworthy. There are times to move and there are times to delay. The art of the business is deciding when to move and when to delay."

THE CONGRESS

Dirksen's Defeat

"One man clothed in righteousness is a match for all the hosts of error," said Senate Republican Leader Everett Dirksen, perched on a table, to reporters. "And I am pursuing sinners who insist on persisting in their error."

Dirksen's tabletop press conference came as the Senate was approaching a climactic vote on his year-long crusade to modify the 1964 Supreme Court ruling that both branches of state legislatures must be reapportioned strictly according to population. Dirksen proposed a constitutional amendment permitting the voters of each state to decide if they wanted one of their legislative branches set up on a basis other than population. For approval by the Senate, Dirksen needed a two-thirds majority of Senators present and voting—and he now knew he was going to fall a few short. Said he: "I am not so blind as not to know when I am up against a stacked deck."

"Give Him Hell." For one thing, Vice President Hubert Humphrey had been busily lining up votes against Dirksen—even though Dirksen thought he had

President Johnson's promise that the Administration would not take a position either for or against his amendment. Two weeks ago, Dirksen called on Johnson, demanded to know why Humphrey was working against him. Blandly, the President claimed he had been unaware of the Vice President's activities until he read about them in the papers. Snorted Dirksen: "Well, then, call him up and give him hell."

Whether Johnson did or not is unknown. But by that time it was probably too late for Dirksen's purposes. Unable to get an approving vote from the Senate Judiciary Committee, he was forced to a crippling admission of weakness by presenting his proposal to the Senate in the form of a substitute for a resolution providing for a "National American Legion Baseball Week."

During the debate on his amendment, Dirksen orated before a packed and entranced gallery. He warned that the time could come "when the only people interested in state boundaries will be Rand McNally." He cried out that the Prohibition Amendment had disastrously deprived states of freedom to make their own laws and that "in 1932 my party was overwhelmingly voted out of office, and not the least of the issues were bread and booze." He insisted that "the whole burden of my argument has been: go back to the people." He intimated that the Supreme Court had taken on powers well beyond its right, then thundered in conclusion Brutus' line justifying the assassination of Caesar: "Not that I love Caesar less, but that I love Rome more."

"What Do You Do?" The argument against Dirksen was mostly good-natured—except for a sarcastic performance by Dirksen's Illinois colleague, Democrat Paul Douglas.

Said Douglas: "I regret that I do not possess the art of planned and spontaneous irrelevance which is so charming a characteristic of my junior colleague. Nor can I perform his acts of sorcery and necromancy which, in soaring far beyond logic, disguise an assault upon our political system as a mere amendment to an act to encourage junior league baseball." Douglas charged Dirksen with "deception," with introducing "an awesome and abominable proposal," with trying to give "the rotten-horror legislatures now in operation the power of self-perpetuation," with "sounding the false alarm that the Supreme Court had created chaos in the states," plotting to allow "private utilities" and "big financial interests" to hold a veto against "consumers, wage and salaried workers and the general body of citizens."

In the final vote, the Dirksen amendment was favored 57-39, seven short of the required two-thirds. But beaten though he was, Dirksen vowed to continue his crusade. "What do you do," he asked, "when you believe in something and are heartsick and you think the Republic is at stake?"



FORD WITH WASHINGTON NEWSMEN
"I refuse to be baited."

Ford's Future?

Michigan's Gerald Ford has worked hard as the House Republican leader ever since he upset Indiana's garrulous Charlie Halleck for the job in January. But Ford has been edged out of the headlines consistently by such veteran press performers as his own Senate G.O.P. counterpart, Everett Dirksen, and the master of them all, Lyndon Johnson. Last week Ford got some notable newswriting at last—thanks, ironically, to the President himself.

It wasn't all that flattering to begin with. Ford found himself being called by reporters, who told him that he had been denounced by Johnson as "a man who broke my confidence and not only broke it but distorted it."

The President, who was saying all this on the front porch of his ranch house in Texas, didn't mention Ford by name, of course. But everybody was supposed to know whom he meant—and everybody did.

Reports supposedly spread by Ford were "untrue and perhaps malicious," the President said. And he added: "Most of the people you deal with respect the confidence, but once in a while an inexperienced man or a new one or a bitter partisan has to play a little politics. I think they keep it to a minimum, generally speaking, but one or two of them will do it—and boys will be boys."

What was the squabble all about? Johnson somehow got the idea that at a background-only session held for a few reporters Ford had inspired stories that the President was chicken: that Ford had told the newsmen that Johnson wanted to take a sterner, tougher stand on Viet Nam, but had retreated because mild Mike Mansfield was threatening to raise a big row. If this had been true, Johnson might have had reason to get mad. But it wasn't—and it's one of the mysteries of Washington



TABLETOP CONFERENCE
"I am pursuing sinners."

how Johnson got his lines of information clogged up.

Mike Mansfield had indeed read a memo in which he hoped that Johnson wouldn't be ferocious, but he also told Johnson that he'd support any action the President might take. Congressman Ford did have a lunch for nine Washington reporters, but he did not say anything about Mansfield's putting the blocks to Johnson. (TIME was at the lunch.)

But Ford wasn't too unhappy. He hadn't had that much publicity in months, and he saw to it that the press notices kept flowing by retorting righteously: "I broke no confidence. I refuse to be baited into a verbal donnybrook with the Commander in Chief that would play into the hands of Hanoi, Peking and Moscow."

Lifting the Quota

For two years a bill designed to revamp and revitalize U.S. immigration policies languished in the House Judiciary Committee's Immigration and Nationality subcommittee. But under heavy pressure from President Johnson, the subcommittee approved the bill, which was, in turn, swiftly and overwhelmingly (26-4) cleared last week by the full Judiciary Committee for certain passage in the House. It faces almost equally certain approval by the Senate—assuming there is time to bring it to the floor this session.

High time—since the now-standing immigration law is an abomination, depending as it does on "a national origins" quota system created in 1924. It was designed to reflect the U.S. population makeup as of 1920 and heavily favored North European nations, while offering only the stingiest quotas to other parts of the world. Despite all the hysterical criticism that comes its way, the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952 actually liberalized the quota system, particularly for Orientals.

Even so, the national origins policy remained an unworkable patchwork of discrimination and special dispensations. Great Britain, with an annual quota of about 65,000 a year, sends no more than 25,000 immigrants to the U.S. Ireland, with a quota of 17,750, sends just 6,500. Italy, allowed to send only 5,666, has a waiting list of 249,583. India's quota is just 100, its backlog is now 16,614.

The new bill would allow the unused quotas of nations such as Great Britain and Ireland to be pooled and transferred to low-quota nations such as Italy and India. Then, by July 1968, the national origins system would be scrapped entirely. Instead, the U.S. would offer a total of 170,000 immigrant visas on a first-come, first-served basis, with a limit of 20,000 permits for any nation outside the Western Hemisphere. As the present law entails, there still would be no numerical limit within the Hemisphere. Beyond that, any parents, minor children, or spouses of U.S. citizens would be allowed to enter the U.S. without regard to national limits.



MAJOR GENERAL CLIFTON
Passing the "football."

Ultimately, the bill would allow an estimated 340,000 new immigrants each year—50,000 more than at present.

In other actions, the Congress:

- Passed, in both Houses, and sent to the White House a bill authorizing \$1.7 billion in military construction. It also gives Congress a stronger hand in blocking shutdowns of military installations by refusing to allow the Secretary of Defense to close any base until 120 days after he has announced his plans to House and Senate Armed Services committees. He must submit his shutdown reports between Jan. 1 and April 30 so the committees can write restrictive language into the annual military construction bills if they disapprove.

- Approved, in House-Senate joint conference, a \$115 million appropriation for the Peace Corps, which will allow an expansion of field volunteers from 13,000 to 15,000 by August 1966.

- Approved, in a House Labor subcommittee, a bill to increase the minimum wage from \$1.25 to \$1.75 an hour by 1968 and to extend coverage to 6.1 million more workers—including farm workers for the first time. President Johnson had recommended only an extension of the \$1.25 wage base to some 4.6 million additional workers.

- Approved, by a 20-1 vote in the House Post Office and Civil Service Committee, a pay raise for 1.8 million civil service workers, which would increase salaries by 4.5% and cost some \$770,000,000 the first year. The Administration's original request would have offered a 3% increase and totaled \$406,000,000. The bill called for a raise up to \$3,400 for Congressmen, who only this year had their salaries upped from \$22,500 to \$30,000 a year.

THE ADMINISTRATION

The Aid Who Aided

Not in many years had Army Major General Chester V. Clifton Jr. commanded troops or made a military policy decision. Yet last week, in a White House ceremony, the President of the U.S. said of Clifton: "His influence—at least upon me—has been of the greatest value and, I think, the greatest worth to his country." The President then awarded the Distinguished Service Medal to "Ted" Clifton, military aide to both Johnson and Kennedy, who was retiring from the Army at 51 to become executive vice president of Manhattan's Thomas J. Deegan Co. Inc., a public relations firm.

A West Pointer ('36), Clifton took leave shortly after graduation, worked as a cub reporter for the New York Herald Tribune. He decided to become a career newsmen, was on his way to Army headquarters in New York with his resignation when he saw a military parade on Fifth Avenue led by an old West Point friend. Clifton tore up the resignation, stayed in the Army for 29 more years. In Italy, during World War II, Artilleryman Clifton's huge 240-mm. howitzers plastered Cassino with 250,000 shells in 120 days, and Clifton won the Legion of Merit for knocking out Cassino's main supply bridge, which had survived 1,200 air sorties. After the war, Clifton turned to Army public relations, was a top aide for Chief of Staff General Omar Bradley.

Late in 1960, a mutual friend introduced Clifton to President-elect John Kennedy, and the two talked for 45 minutes. At the end of the session, Kennedy said: "We may be seeing more of each other." The day before Kennedy's inauguration, he named Clifton to be his military aide.

In that job, Clifton handled security papers coming into the White House, gave Kennedy and Johnson their daily intelligence briefings, acted as liaison man with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, was in charge of the "football" (the code bag required by the President if he were to order a nuclear attack), and in scores of other ways ably served two Presidents. His successor: Air Force Major James U. Cross, 40.

THE CAPITAL

Where Women Fear to Tread

Walking her two dogs in Washington's Rock Creek Park at 8:30 one recent morning, the 48-year-old wife of a State Department official was seized by four Negro youths, dragged behind a wall, and raped by three of them (the fourth held the dogs).

During the twelve-month period ending June 30, there were 162 sexual assaults in the District of Columbia. This figures out at 20 per 100,000 population—roughly double the national average. Last month a teen-age Negro had behind a stairwell door in the State Department Building, grabbed a 40-

year-old secretary around the breasts in broad daylight, fled when she screamed. Security guards were late in responding because they had been called to another part of the building to investigate an attempted purse-snatching. Last week additional guards were assigned to the building, and the head of the department's Passport Office, Miss Frances G. Knight, went a step further. She issued a directive urging female employees to "stand near the alarm button whenever riding elevators" and to "always work in teams," ordered that male employees, upon request, escort girls to the basement parking garage or the building's sign-out desk after regular working hours.

Moreover, at the direction of State Department authorities, carpenters began throwing up wood-and-Masonite barriers before the department's major entrances as a security measure. Henceforth, no one will be allowed admission to the building without showing an identification card or having the purpose of his visit verified.

CALIFORNIA

The Democrats' Minuet

In that minuet of malice called California politics, another Democrat has insinuated himself onto the stage to challenge Governor Pat Brown's third-term chances. He is Los Angeles Mayor Samuel William Yorty, a rip-snorting maverick. Yorty sees himself as the answer to the question Brown coyly poses when asked if he will run again in 1966: "If I don't, who will?"

Before Yorty started making sounds, about the only potential Democratic challenger to Brown seemed to be his longtime foe, State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh. But Party Power Unruh loudly disclaims any immediate ambi-

tions, and last week, when asked if he might back Party Irregular Yorty against Brown, he said more or less simply: "Not even I could be that much of a son of a bitch."

Yorty, 55, a former Congressman who has gone from liberal to conservative and now describes himself as a moderate conservative, calls himself Brown's only real opposition in the party. Riding high from his big mayoralty victory last spring over Representative James Roosevelt, Yorty is convinced that Brown will run again, says modestly: "I don't know of any Democrat who would possibly challenge him in the primaries next June except myself."

For nimble-footed Sam Yorty, the minuet has just begun. But Veteran Pat Brown, 60, who is about as agile as a fat man curtsying, knows all the political steps, would certainly figure as an odds-on Democratic primary choice against Yorty.

THE SUPREME COURT

Questions & Answers

Senate confirmation hearings ordinarily are fairly perfunctory. Not so last week when Abe Fortas, the President's first Supreme Court appointee, appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee. During a two-hour hearing, he answered questions on a score of subjects, replied to some half-baked accusations.

"Absolutely Inconceivable," Dr. Marjorie Shearon, a vehement anti-Communist from Chevy Chase, Md., appeared as an unsolicited committee witness, declared that Fortas was once a member of the left-wing International Jurist Association, that "he has been significantly connected with Communists and Communist fronts over a considerable period of time," and that "his connections were neither trivial nor casual—and I doubt if they were innocent." Fortas replied that he may have joined the group while he was on the Yale faculty in the 1930s because "joining was easy in those days." But "to the best of my knowledge and belief, I never attended a meeting or took part."

Another volunteer witness, Charles Callas, an unemployed New Yorker who worked for the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee as a junior researcher in 1952, claimed that while Fortas served as attorney for Owen Lattimore, he had "deliberately withheld" from Senate investigators information about a Communist at the State Department. "That is absolutely inconceivable to me," Fortas said. "I have never, would never, could never, in any way, misrepresent directly or indirectly or by implication anything to a committee of the Congress or to a court—and I hope to anybody else."

Nebraska's Republican Senator Roman Hruska asked Fortas to explain his part in the Walter Jenkins case last year. Fortas recalled that Jenkins, then a top White House aide, had called to say he was in "terrible trouble." Jenkins

had, in fact, been arrested on a charge involving a homosexual act, but, Fortas said, Jenkins was so distraught that he couldn't give him a clear story. "I could not get an answer," said Fortas. "But I was desperately concerned for this man's wife and six children." Fortas and Washington Lawyer Clark Clifford went to the Washington Star, asked the editors to withhold publication of



FORTAS BEFORE SENATE HEARINGS
Replying to half-baked accusations.

the story "to at least give us time to find out." The editors agreed, and Fortas said last week, "I shall always honor those men." As for his role in temporarily suppressing the news, Fortas said, "I am not ashamed. I am proud of it."

Exaggerated Claims. Fortas was also asked about his views on the running legal controversy over the rights of criminal suspects after arrest (see *THE LAW*). Fortas declined, of course, to indicate how he might vote as a Supreme Court Justice. But he did say that "adequate opportunity by police" to question suspects "is absolutely essential to law enforcement." Still, the accused must be "brought before a magistrate as soon as possible." Said Fortas: "The great problem is where to draw the line. I could never subscribe to the theory that because a man is poor the scales of justice should be weighed in his favor. But because a man is poor he should not be denied the right to counsel."

Hruska also asked Fortas if his friendship with Lyndon Johnson might in any way affect his performance on the Supreme Court. "I think two things have been vastly exaggerated with respect to me," said Fortas. "First, my ability as a violinist and, second, my relationship with the President. I value highly my friendship with the President, but there is no way that relationship could enter into my judgment on the court. I have no business relationship with the President or any member of his family."



YORTY POLITICKING IN LOS ANGELES
Responding to Pat's coy question.

THE WORLD

INDIA

Pride & Reality

[See Cover]

The ashes of Jawaharlal Nehru have long since disappeared into the silt of the Ganges, carrying with them the faint shadow of the rose he always wore in his lapel. Gone with the Pandit is the image of India as a moral bulwark of the "nonaligned" world, a pious mediator between the great powers. Gone with the jaunty jodhpurs and preachy pronouncements is the hope that India might soon be an economic success. Gone, too, are the pride and the confi-

dence in Asia. Part of the reason stems from India's diminutive Prime Minister Lal Bahadur Shastri, whose modest manner is the very antithesis of the *hubris* of Nehru. Tiny and turkey-necked, shy as a schoolboy in his rumpled dhoti and brown loafers, Shastri both matches the diminished stature of India and reflects its inchoate strength. By merely surviving for 14 months in a situation that many thought might end in anarchy, Shastri has shown that India has a chance. His weaknesses alone—conciliatory, hesitant, dilatory as they are—have been magical in their muddling.

He was firm only in the Kutch inci-

dent. Part of the reason stems from India's next Five-Year Plan. In his off hours, he courted Uganda's visiting Prime Minister Milton Apollo Obote, seeking to rekindle the Afro-Indian cooperation that Nehru had sparked. Through each meeting ran the thread of Shastri's approach: a concern with consensus that has marked his rule from the outset.

Kaleidoscope of Contrast. Shastri's India is less a nation than a notion, possessed of a fragile unity that barely transcends its geographical boundaries. Into a triangular wedge of the world only a third as big as the U.S., India packs 480 million people and more than 200 million cows. From the mirage-like ice peaks of the Himalayas, down the vast and sinuous Ganges and Brahmaputra rivers (which most Indians regard as holy), through the crammed chawls and boiling bustles of Bombay and Calcutta, to the humid tip of the subcontinent at Cape Comorin, India is a kaleidoscope of contrast (see color pages). Within its embattled boundaries it embraces six distinct ethnic groups, seven major religions, 845 languages and dialects, and two ancient and antagonistic cultures: the Indo-Aryan (primarily Hindi-speaking) in the north, the Dravidian (speaking mainly Telugu and Tamil) in the south. Its peoples range from sultry Sikhs in silken turbans to naked Nagas armed with crossbows; from country dwellers who are seared black by a cruel sun to pale and perfumed maharanes who ride to the beaches of Bombay in air-conditioned Rolls-Royces.

Historically, the crosscurrents are just as diverse. Invaders have swept across India's deserts and hacked through its stifling jungles since time immemorial, riding everything from elephants to armored personnel carriers, swinging everything from stone hammers to 120-mm. mortars. But under the two centuries of the British raj, a structure of government and administration was slowly imposed on this subcontinent of chaos. What threatens it today is bureaucracy—an Indian nightmare more overwhelming than anything dreamed of by Kafka. District officials, who are nominally responsible for the "community development" of India's 567,000 villages, must file 280 reports to New Delhi a month. Development Minister S. K. Dey ruefully admits that none of the reports are read but brightly points out that all are dutifully filed away for future reference. New Delhi is being strangled in paper.

A Day Behind the Bullocks. Economically, India is still an agricultural nation, despite Nehru's brave plans for industrialization. Typical of India's peasantry is "Ramoo" Sivaram, a 33-year-old farmer who lives near Hyderabad in the province of Andhra Pradesh. His wife Lakshmi is named for the Hindu goddess of prosperity, but in her



SHASTRI, KAMARAJ & NEHRU

With karma, dharma and a concern with consensus.

dence that inspired India in its formative years. India without Nehru stands dispirited and disillusioned, a land without *elan* where a rose in the lapel is somehow out of place.

The death of Nehru last year was only one of the shocks that have forced the world's largest democracy to face reality. Before that came the Red Chinese attack in October 1962, which discredited India's foreign policy and exposed Delhi as a military powder puff. Then last year the country was struck by its worst food crisis since independence, as riots erupted from Bangalore to Bombay. The shortages of grain called into question Nehru's economic policies, which stressed industry and paid little attention to the more basic problem of agriculture. And looming in the background was the seemingly insoluble deadlock with Pakistan, typified not only by the Kashmir question but also by the threat to India's borders in the desolate Rann of Kutch.

Fruit of Humility. Yet despite the tumult and the tremors, India continues to function with a stability rare

dent, when he sent two divisions of Indian troops to within 300 yards of Pakistan's fortified positions, and that won him support at home. His trips abroad—to Cairo, Moscow, Ottawa, London and Belgrade—earned headlines at home for a man who was at least patrolling the old capitals if not storming them, as Nehru had done, to India's delight. Even when Lyndon Johnson scrubbed Shastri's June trip to Washington under the press of Viet Nam business, Shastri's cool unconcern paid off with Indian audiences, proving to their satisfaction that humility pays.

Last week Shastri tackled a microcosm of the problems that plague his nation. He wrapped up his four-day visit to Yugoslavia by attempting once again to re-establish India's image as a crisis mediator, signed a communiqué that neither damned the U.S. nor praised the Viet Cong. Back in New Delhi, he called in the bosses of India's 16 states and wrung from them approval for a long overdue food rationing plan. He also huddled with his Cabinet ministers, garnering their ideas for



INDIA'S LABORERS use techniques as old as the pyramids, along with cranes, to give form to the Nagarjuna Sagar Dam in state of Andhra Pradesh. As many as 30,000

laborers have been hefting stones and head-carrying baskets of mortar up bamboo ramps since 1955; by 1967 they hope to have completed the world's most massive masonry dam.



THE MANY PEOPLES OF INDIA mix in a third-class railway carriage bound from Delhi to Bombay. Most prominent are a moneylender in a black cap (center) from Uttar

Pradesh, a Rajasthani (left) in a yellow turban, a Brahman (right) with a red religious mark on his forehead. A polyglot nation, India has 831 dialects spoken within its borders.





RURAL ARCHETYPE is this Indian peasant farmer who works from dawn to dusk with a bullock team and primitive plow in the fields near Lucknow.



RICH SARIS contrast starkly with poor harvest of wheat being winnowed by Uttar Pradesh farm women. India imported 6,686,700 tons of grain last year.

← REGIONAL FESTIVAL in Jaipur honors the Hindu god Shiva as well as Gangor, a beautiful legendary princess who drowned eloping with her suitor.

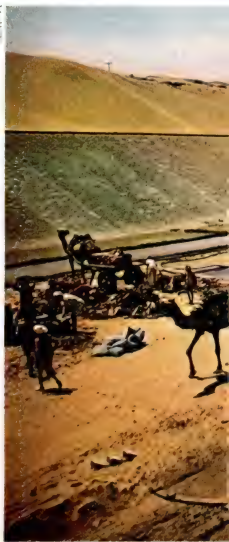


OUTSIDE STEEL MILL at Jamshedpur, women carry construction materials for a nearby road project.

Steel plant has been recently modernized, boasts automatic equipment, and now produces 1,760,000 tons a year.

UNDER ROAD BRIDGE in New Delhi, the homeless sleep beneath the works of a beggar artist. Displaced persons qualify for welfare, but mere drifters do not get aid.

IN THE DESERT of Rajasthan, workmen build part of a 425-mile canal system. Big ditch is being excavated by pick, shovel and camel cart, and then faced with concrete.





Religious Shrine. Nandī Palbe





INDIA'S RIVERS are all deities to Hindus, but the holiest is the Ganges. At Banaras (*above*), ashes of the dead are flung into the river to ensure that the spirit of the cremated

person will be carried to higher worlds. The living bathe in the belief that the sacred waters will wash away sins. Devout Hindus should visit the river at least once in a lifetime

27 years she has prospered only by pregnancy; married at 13, she is today the mother of six. Each morning at 5:30, Ramoo rises and trots off to the village well to bathe himself with buckets of lukewarm, silty water, then returns to his clay-walled hut and squats on the cow-dung floor for breakfast: a thick chapatty (wheat pancake) and a brass tumbler of scalding black tea. Ramoo owns only two bullocks, and with them he plods across his barren acres, dragging a steel-slivered plow designed in prehistory by some Indian prototype who faced the same harsh, crumbling earth. In a year, he raises scarcely enough to feed his bullocks. For lunch Ramoo eats another chapatty covered with watery gruel, and perhaps a slice of mango chutney hoarded by his wife to give the food some flavor. Then back to the plow.

At night, Ramoo shuffles down to the village's sole radio receiver, listens to the state-owned All-India Radio, which helps him to forget his debt to the village moneylender. Now and then he attends one of the thousand torchlit religious fairs that dominate the Indian calendar. There he delights in the wit of storytellers reciting one or another of the ageless, adventurous Hindu myths.

"Just Craze for Foreign." Against rural resignation stands the excitement of India's great metropolises. Each of the country's major cities—Bombay, Calcutta, New Delhi and Madras—has its own similarities and its own distinctions. Calcutta and Bombay are linked in their visual splendor and their vicious slums; wealth and poverty exist cool cheek by grizzled jowl. Madras, with its burgeoning Hindu evangelism (backed by Shastri's strongman, Congress Party President Kumaraswami Kamaraj), is less metropolitan but more leisurely. Where Bombay is sparked by its Parsi businessmen (descended from 8th century Persian fire worshippers), Madras is tempered by Tamil intellectualism. New Delhi—founded in 1911 by the British—is the youngest of the nation's great cities, and its least distinctive. Dust swirls through its broad, beige streets; beggars sleep on its sidewalks beneath gaudy murals; and pallid politicians occupy center stage.

In all four cities, the upper classes scurry for status. Top status symbol: a foreign automobile. In one fantastic series of deals, a year-old Chevrolet Impala imported by a diplomat for \$1,680 was ultimately bought by a Bombay movie star for \$16,800. Import restrictions have made any foreign item desirable, including electric mixers, irons, refrigerators, hair dryers and record players. West Indian Author V. S. Naipaul, visiting India for the first time, records in his book *Area of Darkness* the senophile plaint of a Delhi housewife: "I am just craze for foreign, just craze for foreign."

"State Experiment." The cry reflects the changing nature of India's upper middle class, a social role that demands the best of two contradictory worlds.



An Indian gentleman must be able to mix a very dry martini and in the next, very dry breath interpret the intricacies of a *raga* (a traditional Hindu melody) played on a sitar (like a guitar). His wife must not only be pretty, but be able to frog in a sari while folding her hands in the traditional greeting of *namaste*. His home must be decorated in the best Western décor, but carry at least one careful Indian touch—perhaps a Mogul miniature or a divan with a brightly colored, hand-loomed bolster from the Punjab. Clubs are one British social heritage that upper-class Indians will not revolt against, perhaps because they were excluded in the days of the British raj. Today high-caste Indians are just as cutting to members of lesser castes as the Englishman was to "wogs."

Indian intellectual life has lured a bit better. Today, 45 million children are in school, v. 14 million at independence, and though the nation is still only 24% literate, it is reading more, and from broader sources. When a group of young Indians educated abroad get together, the talk is less likely to be nostalgia about Oxford, Cambridge or Edinburgh than about memories of Columbia, Michigan or U.C.L.A. Even Indians who do not go abroad are reading more

about the West than they did before. Yesterday's intellectual demigods were G. B. Shaw, Aldous Huxley and T. S. Eliot; today's are Mary McArthur and James Baldwin. Where once the coffee tables in Indian upper-class homes carried outdated copies of *Punch* and *The Tatler*, they now carry fresh issues of American magazines. Indian art is selling better than ever—and although their work is often merely decorative, painters argue they are at least not bogged down in "state experimentation."

The key to Indian art, letters and entertainments is escape. India today produces more movies than the U.S. Last year the nation's 4,500 movie theaters drew more than \$100 million in box office receipts. Indians crowd the theaters, happily sitting through costume epics of three or more hours in length. Indian films are frankly escapist, and are divided into twelve categories ranging from "socials" that deal with city-country or caste themes to "mythologicals" that treat of Hindu legend in full color and dubbed voices (since the actors can't sing and the singers can't act). Sample lyrics: "You are the Ganges of my heart, and I am the Jumna of your heart. Where, oh where, is the confluence?" During intermissions audi-

ences devour fried field peas or sherbet, drink Cokes, then exit to buy copies of the movie's songs.

Cars & Cow Dung. Compared with the nation's potential, India's economic progress during 18 years of independence is modest enough. Before independence, India had three steel mills; today there are six, producing 4.3 million metric tons of finished steel last year (vs. 39.7 million metric tons for Japan). Where there was one oil refinery before 1947, there are now five. At plants in Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, India produces three makes of automobiles, all small but expensive (prices range from \$2,186 to \$2,347; delivery guaranteed within two to eight years). Bicycles are far more popular—and purchasable—hence India's 21 bike plants produce more than a million two-wheelers a year, and every bullock path has its flock of speedsters, carrying everything from milk to millet.

Growth on even so small a scale has begun to alter India's ancient ways of life. The change is best symbolized by the Punjabi capital of Chandigarh, which rises from the sere plains of the northwest in concrete convolutions designed by the famed French architect Le Corbusier. Homemade ghee (clarified butter), which villagers not long ago insisted was the only nourishing cooking medium, is giving way to sealed tins of vegetable oil; kerosene-burning hurricane lanterns are supplanting the traditional Aladdin-like mud *diva* in peasant huts, and well-to-do farmers often buy a second lantern to hang outside as a sign of affluence. Though most villagers still prefer cooking fires of cow dung, some huts now boast \$2 oil stoves. Rural electrification is also spreading, but slowly, with an estimated 80% of India's power requirements still

supplied by animal and human effort. The current Five-Year Plan calls for less than 10% of India's villages to be electrified.

Social change has even managed to shiver—if not shatter—India's long-frozen caste system. Low-caste village scavengers—who under Hindu tradition skinned dead livestock to sell the hides—now find less messy jobs. Hide merchants from the cities are forced to send out trucks with their own men to do the dirty work. Higher up the caste ladder, India faces a servant problem even more perplexing than that in the West (TIME, July 9). The punkah wallahs of the past are no longer willing to turn the fans in stifling offices; they have been replaced by air conditioning. Most lower-caste Indians prefer jobs as office boys or chauffeurs.

The face of the land is also changing through vast engineering projects like the 425-mile Rajasthan Canal and the Nagarjuna Sagar Dam, both being built largely by hand labor. By contrast, Bombay boasts a modern, \$55 million atomic power plant. Indian nuclear physicists could easily build an atomic bomb in a year to 18 months, but India has no real military use for it. Still, India may well be forced to develop nuclear weapons if only to recapture international prestige, particularly since Red China has begun exploding atomic devices.

"The Syndicate." Such decisions rest with India's well-entrenched Congress Party, which under Mahatma Gandhi carried the country to independence, and has held power ever since. The Congress holds 370 of the 510 seats in Parliament, and despite an array of eight opposition parties ranging from the Communists to the free-enterprise Swatantra (Freedom) Party, stands in no

danger of losing control. The Congress itself embraces a broad spectrum of political coloration, from the virtual Communism of former Defense Minister Krishna Menon through the pro-Americanism of Railways Minister S. K. Patil to the Hindu mysticism of the party's reactionary wing. But basically it retains much of the socialist stamp given it by Nehru. A small circle of Congress politicians known as "the Syndicate" currently dominates the party, and it is to this group that Lal Bahadur Shastri must remain responsible. Key members of the Syndicate:

► **Kumaraswami Kamaraj Nadar**, 63, barrel-chested boss of Madras, who as president of the Congress Party dreamed up the consensus scheme as a means of installing Shastri after Nehru's death. But Kamaraj speaks only Tamil, and even if Shastri were to vanish, would he content to remain only a king-maker and cash collector for the party. Last week Kamaraj was touring his home state, preceded by an elephant with bells on its toes, to celebrate his birthday. In lieu of gifts he collected \$350,000 for the party coffers.

► **S. K. Patil**, 63, outspoken leader of the party's right wing and the man in control of wealthy Bombay, which supplies two-thirds of the party's finances.

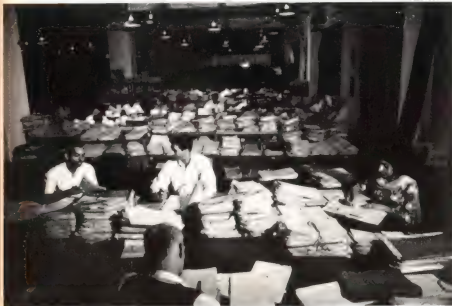
► **Atulya Ghosh**, 59, cigar-chomping boss of eastern India.

► **Sanjiva Reddy**, 52, a bespectacled, brush-browed anti-Communist who serves as Shastri's Minister of Steel and Mines and is one of the few Cabinet members with a dual political base. He has supporters in both Madras and Andhra Pradesh thanks to the fact that those two states were created in 1949.

Return to the Raj? The strength of the Syndicate was best demonstrated at the recent meeting of the Congress's All-India Committee in Bangalore (TIME, Aug. 6). There Shastri carefully coaxed his fellow Congressmen into reappointing Kamaraj as party president, thus perpetuating the chance for consensus in the 1967 elections. But the Congress—led by Gandhi strictly as a revolutionary movement—is perverting the purpose for which it was conceived. Gandhi had urged the party to dissolve itself after independence was gained.

India's elder statesman, Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, 86, who quit the Congress to found the Swatantra Party, fears that one day the Congress and the government might merge into a one-party state. Local Congress leaders who have held power since 1947 own too much land and urban property to permit the reforms that are needed if India is to reach economic equity. The zamindars of West Bengal, for example, have become (through Congress Party consent) the equivalent of the English gentry of the raj.

Still, under Congress, Indian voters have largely been able so far at least to steer their way between Communist promises of a Marxist utopia and the reactionary vision of a return to the "golden days" of Hinduism. And last



INDIAN BUREAUCRATS AT WORK
Strangling in the capital.

year, when the pro-Peking wing of India's 120,000-strong Communist Party won the most seats in the state of Kerala, Delhi coolly jailed the Reds and appointed its own governor.

Caution & Competence. To these men and to the nation, Shastri serves as mediator, moderator and compromiser. Just such a role has long been the hallmark of Shastri's caste, the Kayasth, which is scorned by many other Hindus because the Kayasthi served India's Moslem rulers during the Mogul period (1526-1707) as clerks and officials. Lal Bahadur Shastri, whose name means "Graduate Brave Jewel" was born in 1904, the son of a minor tax collector in the Uttar Pradesh village of Mughal Sarai, near the sacred city of Banaras. As a schoolboy, he made his commitment to Gandhism, was arrested eight times by the British and spent nine years in jail during the early revolutionary days. A typical infraction: flag raising. In 1932, the British refused to let the Indian nationalists fly their flag on the Allahabad clock tower, but Shastri—disguised as a veiled Moslem woman—swished past the British guards and raised it anyway.

After independence, Shastri served Nehru in a series of positions, beginning as parliamentary secretary in Uttar Pradesh, then vaulting to Delhi as Railways Minister. In 1956, after a series of bloody railroad accidents, he resigned the portfolio voluntarily, taking the moral blame in a fashion that won him admiration from the nation. A year later, as chief strategist for the Congress Party, he masterminded the 1957 elections with great success. Soon he was back in Delhi's hierarchy, this time as Home Minister, second only to Nehru himself. Always unobtrusive, Shastri was nonetheless always present, and with the Pandit's death, the Syndicate naturally turned to him as a cautious but competent choice for the premiership. Shastri's major opponent for the job, Nehru's fiery Finance Minister Morarji Desai, 69, appeared to Kamaraj & Co. to be too uncontrollable. Shastri has not disappointed his backers.

Humble Home Life. Shastri's workday begins at the same time as that of the lowliest Indian farmer: 5:30 a.m. Shunning the splendid Prime Minister's house, Shastri lives with his wife Lalita and 19 other members of his family (including six children, six grandchildren, and his 80-year-old mother) in a humble, white bungalow at No. 1 Janpath (People's Way). Dispensing with his dentures for the first hours of the day, Shastri pads through cozy rooms cluttered with bric-a-brac—Japanese dolls, a Soviet rocket model, a toy atom—to take his breakfast of tea and small talk. His bookcases carry such disparate works as the *Bhagavad Gita* and *Automobile Chassis Design*.

After breakfast, he strolls out to the wide, flower-fringed lawn for his regular hour of *darshan* (audience) with the favor seekers and admirers that surround any politician. A chauffeur



INDIAN MOVIEMAKERS ON SET
Searching for the confluence.

and a single white-clad bodyguard accompany him in a black, Indian-built Hindustan Ambassador sedan to his office in the circular, sandstone Parliament House. Office routine—sometimes 17 hours a day of it—is interrupted only by a vegetarian lunch of curry, potato cutlet and tea (prepared by his wife) and a half-hour nap. A heart attack in 1959 and another seizure last year, shortly after he assumed the premiership, have done little to slow Shastri's dogged pace. He is blessed by an old Nehru tradition that saves him wear and tear: Indian Prime Ministers rarely hold diplomatic receptions.

To the dismay of many associates, Shastri's humility is not put on. He stubbornly refuses to do anything that might build up his personal image, even when it could help the country. During last year's food crisis, Shastri decided to forgo rice as a symbol of self-denial. But out of modesty he refused to let the fact be relayed to the rioting people, and the possible impact was lost. Yet many Indians feel that more than self-abnegation is needed to confront grave problems. Says Editor Frank Moraes of the Indian Express: "Leaders have no business being humble."

The Grain Drain. The crises that confront India are grave indeed. First on the list is the perennial problem of providing enough food for a population that is growing at a rate of 3% a year. The cause of last year's food crisis was simple enough: for three straight years, Indian grain production remained static at 80 million tons. Sharp traders from Bombay to Calcutta capitalized on the underproduction by buying up wheat in the fields, then quietly ordering farmers to hold their crops for future delivery after prices had soared higher. In Shastri's home state, wheat that had been selling for \$173.25 per ton doubled in price in a matter of weeks. State bosses then refused to accept Shastri's rationing plan, and India had to double its

normal import of grain from abroad—expanding valuable foreign exchange in the process. The U.S. grain supply to India reached 6,650,000 tons—two shiploads a day—and saved the country from sheer starvation.

In perhaps his strongest move since assuming power, Shastri ordered a cut-back in the grandiose industrial scheme laid out by Nehru, snatched away the styluses from New Delhi's army of blue-printing planners, and cranked up a crash program of agricultural aid. Though industrial projects already under way (\$5 billion worth of them) will be allowed to reach completion, the heavier effort for the next few years will go into quick-yielding small projects for farmers—wells, irrigation and roads. This year's harvest gives him a breather: 87,200,000 tons of grain have been cut and winnowed.

Malthusian Menace. But more improvement in food production must be matched by population control if India is ever to feed herself. Nehru's first Five-Year Plan was meant to make the nation self-sufficient agriculturally, but without a firm program of family planning, it fell sadly short of the mark. Shastri, too, has failed to face up to the Malthusian menace of India's birth rate. Every year the country's crop of new babies exceeds the population of New York City. When pressed about birth control, Shastri smiles: "I hesitate to give advice on this matter because I already have six children." Shastri's female Health Minister, Dr. Shushila Nayar, is little help: she has spent only a third of the funds in last year's budget for birth control.

Even the most optimistic of planned parenthood enthusiasts lose hope at the problems that India's vast illiterate, tradition-bound populace presents. Indian wives feel that they can justify their dowry only by proving fertility, and such contraceptives as diaphragms and birth control pills are either too com-

plicated or too expensive. Best hope for the future are the intra-uterine devices that are simple, cheap and reliable. Most popular now in India is the "coil," a plastic, S-shaped loop inserted in the womb, which can be removed if the woman wants a child. India's first coil factory is already producing 15,000 loops a day, and government doctors travel through the countryside, explaining their use to the peasantry.

View from the Falls. Shastri's compulsion to compromise was better applied in the great January language crisis. In that month, India adopted Hindi (which only 40% of Indians speak) as the nation's official language. Southern Indians—speaking mostly Tamil or Telugu—rose up in a wave of riots, mur-

Shastri showed boldness at the run-in on the Rann, but again he compromised a bit: in the settlement concluded last month, India surrendered a few square miles of the Rann. Since the bleak reach of mud and desert is largely under water during the current monsoon season, it scarcely counts against him.

Shastri has managed to build a slight reputation abroad as a man of some mettle. His response to Washington's cancellation of his June visit showed that—when his country's pride was involved—he had spunk. Shastri flew off to Canada and viewed the U.S. from the Canadian side of Niagara Falls, told reporters that he could not come to the U.S. this fall even if Lyndon Johnson wanted him. (He may very well come next spring.) Shastri has

ness that Indians can adopt better than any other human beings, has resulted in a loss of initiative. Bombay Editor Rajmohan Gandhi (a grandson of the Mahatma) sees India's failings not in terms of climate or demography or language barriers but rather in the simple fact that Indians have no will to work.

Yet under the slothful surface, India is astir with powerful new social and economic forces. The nation does not now possess the know-how or the energy to raise itself from poverty and despair. To that extent, India's lethargy is a valuable check against firebrand revolutionaries who would hope to trade on Indian misery with offers of Marxist panaceas. Shastri's emphasis on agriculture is only a stop-gap measure, certainly not the ultimate answer to India's woes. Once it has learned to feed itself, it can then move slowly, sanely toward industrial self-sufficiency. It may take a bolder man than Shastri to carry such a program through. But somewhere among India's millions, among the young who hunger for education and get it, there will doubtless emerge a dynamic leader to rally the nation and lift its spirits—a man who perhaps combines Nehru's flamboyance and Shastri's humility. At that point, hope will return to a subcontinent.

RED CHINA

The Mysterious Visitor

"All that men are willing to die for, beyond self-interest, tends more or less obscurely to justify that fate by giving it a foundation in dignity: Christianity for the slave, the nation for the citizen, Communism for the worker."

So broods a character in André Malraux's *Man's Fate*, undoubtedly reflecting the author's own vision in the 1920s when he spent two years in Canton as propaganda commissar for the Kuomintang, which was then an alliance that included the Communists. Last week, for the first time in 40 years, Malraux was back in China as guest of the Red leaders who achieved the revolution Malraux worked for as a young man. Too individualistic ever to join the party, Malraux's own disillusion with Communism came with the Nazi-Soviet pact, and he has since embraced a narrower creed: Gaullism.

Jumped Ship. Yet Malraux's return to his old haunts was almost as devious and shrouded in mystery as any of his assignments as a revolutionary courier. Ostensibly, he left his post as France's Minister of Cultural Affairs on doctor's orders to take a long, relaxing sea voyage. He boarded the steamer *Le Cambodge*, and his destination was Japan. But, at Singapore, he left the ship, caught a plane to Hong Kong. Next thing anyone knew, he was in Canton, asking to see the Whampoa Military Academy, where he had an office in 1925-26.

From Canton, Malraux went on to Peking and spent four days browsing



MOBILE BIRTH CONTROL CLINIC
Each year, another New York City.

ders and suicides to protest so blatant a move on the part of the "arrogant" Indo-Aryans of the north. Shastri muddled through several weeks of bloodshed, finally decided to rescind the January order and for the moment retain English as well as 14 southern languages. "We have to find some middle course," he temporized. More than a decade ago, Nehru toyed with the idea of making English the official language (he himself could barely speak Hindi) but dropped the notion when he realized it would undercut his support among the masses.

In her foreign relations, India is confronted with problems as severe as those at home, but in the diplomatic field Shastri's vagueness and middle-course tendencies are less likely to cause trouble. Red China still occupies 14,500 sq. mi. of Himalayan India; the injection of massive U.S. military aid has helped deter Peking from pushing downhill into the oil- and rice-rich plains along the Brahmaputra adjacent to Burma. Pakistan—lately linked to Red China through a reciprocal defense agreement—remains India's implacable enemy.

maintained his aid arrangements with both the big powers. The U.S. this year will give him \$110 million (Washington's biggest aid outlay and due to grow), while the Russians provide nearly as much—including the huge Soviet steel mill planned for Bokaro. India's arsenal now includes both Russian MIGs and American tanks.

Question of Will. India under Lal Bahadur Shastri remains hung up on its bipolar destiny: karma and dharma. According to Hindu philosophy, two major injunctions dictate a man's way of life. Karma is predestined fate, the godly consequence that dictates the caste and society into which the Hindu is born as punishment or reward for the way he behaved in his previous incarnation. Dharma is the grace—or righteousness—that accrues to a man who accepts his karma-ordained condition. Over the centuries, karma has come to mean passive acceptance of hunger, disease, poverty and humiliation on the sweltering, swarming Indian subcontinent. This acceptance of fate, buttressed by the humble self-righteous-



MAO & MALRAUX
Tête-à-tête and tossed flowers.

in antique shops and visiting the Imperial Palace and the Temple of Heaven. There was also a three-hour chat with China's Foreign Minister Chen Yi; Malraux blandly called it a *tour d'horizon* that included cultural relations between the two countries. Next, the visitor was off to see the Lung-men Grottoes near Loyang, the archaeological finds at Sian, and finally, the cave-riddled mountains of Yenan where Mao Tse-tung set up his headquarters after the 6,000-mile Long March.

Red Ladder. On his return to Peking, Malraux had a long talk with Premier Chou En-lai, followed by a banquet at which Malraux and Chen Yi tossed flowers at each other. Of Red China and France, Malraux said, "It's true that our social systems are different. It is also true that both of us have had to battle against a powerful aggressor who, weapons in hand, came to fight in a place where he shouldn't have been." Malraux may have meant Japan's invasion of China, but Peking was free to interpret his words as meaning the U.S. in Korea.

After the banquet came a three-hour visit with Party Chairman Mao Tse-tung and President Liu Shao-chi. Malraux suddenly produced a letter for Mao from Charles de Gaulle. In Paris no one would say whether the letter was in Malraux's pocket when he left, or had reached him in Peking after he had advised the French embassy that things were going well.

Malraux did not clarify matters very much when he finally surfaced in Hong Kong last week. Shrugging away questions about his mission, he allowed that France hoped to sponsor a Chinese art exhibition in Paris. Wasn't there more to his trip than that? Well, he had conferred with Mao Tse-tung on "the most important problems of our time, and it was obvious that Chairman Mao had as complete mastery of the situation as ever in his entire life."

THE SUDAN

Too Late for Peace?

For two weeks an uneasy peace had settled on the southern Sudan, aided by Prime Minister Mohammed Mahgoub's offer of amnesty to the rebels struggling for regional independence. The amnesty persuaded only five guerrillas to lay down their arms, and when it expired last week so did the peace. "The rebels are opening fire on our forces at Katari," the government radio suddenly reported. Another guerrilla band attacked a garrison in Equatoria province. To the west, the army opened fire on a "rebel camp" near Wau, reportedly killing 250.

In Khartoum the army was ordered on emergency alert, and heavy guards were ringed around government buildings to prevent sabotage. Prime Minister Mahgoub flew back from a quick trip to Ethiopia, Tanzania and Kenya with the news that all three nations had agreed to give no aid to the rebels. Even so, pressures were growing in the black nations to support their fellow blacks against the Arab north, and the Nairobi Daily Nation warned that the war could grow into "another Viet Nam." "Is it too late for peace in the Sudan?" asked the Tanzania Standard. "It will be tragic for Africa if it is."

GREAT BRITAIN

Victory Without Advance

Into the House of Commons last week strode Edward Heath to launch his first parliamentary assault on the government as Britain's new Tory leader. It was something of a disappointment—a long and factual speech that even his supporters found somewhat on the dull side. Prime Minister Harold Wilson, who loves the cut-and-thrust of parliamentary debate, poured scorn on the Tories, dubbed Heath as "this Sir Galahad" who, he claimed, had deliberately misled the voters last year about the nation's economy.

Wilson won the debate as well as months of parliamentary peace as the House of Commons recessed until October. But he gained little else. Labor had pushed through 65 new bills—a near-record number—but most were concerned with the mechanics of administration. Under the first Socialist government since 1951, Socialism had failed to advance an inch.

What most heartened the Tories and depressed the Laborites was a new Gallup poll that shows the Conservatives leading 49% to 41%. The shift in public opinion is doubtless due to Wilson's tough austerity measures intended to save the battered pound sterling. At week's end London was swept by rumors that the U.S. was withdrawing support from the pound and that the Bank of England's Lord Cromer had threatened to resign if the pound was not devalued. Wilson labeled the rumors false and "highly neurotic." Before

setting off on a holiday in the Scilly Islands, he fired a Partisan shot at devaluation and Ted Heath. "I gather he has no plans to devalue the pound when he gets in power," said Wilson, "but as that won't be for at least 20 years, the question would hardly arise."

A Question of Original Sin

Back in 1961, Laborites savagely denounced the Conservative government for its introduction of the Commonwealth Immigrants Bill, designed to stem the flood of coloreds into Britain. Sir Eric Fletcher called it a "blot on our statute book." Denis Healey angrily echoed the words of the Times: "The bill strikes at the roots of Britain's traditional liberal attitude towards immigration, at the preservation of good Commonwealth relations, and at the belief that Britain is without original sin in the matter of color discrimination." Healey's pledge: Labor would repeal the act if it came back to power.

In London last week, Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Labor government showed what a difference a few years—and the assumption of power and responsibility—make. Labor published a White Paper proposing new cutbacks on immigration from Commonwealth countries. Under the new measures, only 8,500 work vouchers will be issued annually, and they will go only to immigrants with special skills—doctors, teachers, graduates in science and technology. Shelved indefinitely would be the applications of some 300,000 persons on the immigration waiting list.

Conservative M.P.s did not gloat over Labor's abrupt and embarrassing turnabout. Colored residents in Britain number less than 1% of the population, and it is apparently the intent of both parties to keep it that way. In noting the absence of debate on the White Paper, the Times argued that many M.P.s "may feel privately that public



ASIAN IMMIGRANTS IN LONDON
Keeping Outs out to keep Ins in

feeling on racial questions has now reached the point at which it might be a preponderant, if not decisive, issue at the next election." To hold on to political power, Labor seems to have concluded that its hot words of the past are best forgotten.

AUSTRALIA

Snatch at Sydney

A six-year-old Indian girl named Nancy Prasad was grabbed last week from her sister's arms at Sydney airport, bundled into a car and driven away. It was no ordinary kidnapping, for within 15 minutes the sister, Shasti Powditch, got word that Nancy was safe and would be returned as soon as the plane she was to board had taken off.

The kidnaper turned out to be Charles Perkins, an aboriginal student at Sydney University who early this year led "freedom riders" through New South Wales to protest discrimination against Australia's dark-skinned aborigines, who number nearly 80,000. Perkins saw in Nancy Prasad an even more dramatic way to argue his case. In 1962 the child had come to Australia from Fiji with her father on visitors' visas. The father returned to Fiji when his visa expired, but Nancy was allowed to remain for medical treatment. The courts turned down an appeal that the child be allowed to stay on permanently after she recovered, and she was ordered deported last week as an illegal immigrant.

Perkins and his supporters argue that Nancy could have stayed in Australia if she were white. Though the Australian government insists there is no discriminatory racial policy in immigration, European immigrants are welcomed at a rate of 150,000 a year, while Asians are limited to a few hundred annually. At week's end, the police tracked down little Nancy, put her aboard the next plane to Fiji.

GREECE

Royal Dilemma

Rising to demand a vote of confidence in Parliament last week, Greek Premier George Anthanassiadis-Novas quoted the author of *The Frogs*, to describe the man who sought to destroy him. Ex-Premier George Papandreou, said Novas, in the words of Aristophanes, was just another demagogue apt for "rousing the mob and terrorizing those who hold contrary opinions." The chorus of frogs was provided by 145 Deputies of Papandreou's (and Novas') Center Union Party, who, instead of croaking *brekeke-kex-koax-koax*, hooted "Judas!" and "Traitor!" at Novas and his ministers. At the end of the debate, they voted the Novas government out of existence.

Papandreou himself appeared in Parliament exactly once: to shout a triumphant *ohi* (no) when his name was called in the roll on the vote of confidence, then stalk out dramatically, leaving the chamber behind in cac-

phonic chaos. To win his majority, since 24 Center Union Deputies backed Novas, Papandreou needed, and got, the support of 22 EDA (pro-Communist) deputies, to add to the 145 votes of Center Unionists who had remained loyally behind their stubborn old leader.

Young King Constantine was on the spot, and he had no choice but to talk things over with Papandreou next day. After a 75-minute conference, Papandreou emerged to say only that "I have asked the King to give me the mandate to form a new government. In case that request is not accepted, I have suggested elections within the constitutional limit [45 days]."

EUROPE

The Green Winter

A light frost dappled the fields of western France. In Scotland and Norway it snowed. Along the normally frigid beaches of the North Sea, water temperature dipped to a bone-chilling 59°, five degrees below average, and vacancy signs begged forlornly from windows of usually crowded tourist houses and pensions. From Land's End to the Moscow River, from Scandinavia to northern Italy, the story was the same—Europe's coldest, wettest, dreariest summer of the 20th century.

A steady downpour sent affluent Swedes to airline offices for reservations to distant Rhodes, Majorca and the Canary Islands. Londoners, who hoard summer sunshine for the cheerless English winter, were shortchanged with a meager 112 hours in July—52% of normal—and gloomily settled down for the darkest summer since sunshine records were started in 1880. Resorts in Normandy reported a probable 50% drop in tourist business because of the cold and rain, and Paris recorded the coldest July in its history.

Dutch television, which regularly

broadcasts only at night during the week, scheduled rainy-afternoon programs for shut-in tourists, and German resort directors hurriedly fattened concert afternoons with movies, slides, dances and quizzes. In Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, steady rains flooded the Danube and its tributaries.

As if to add a grim symmetry to the misery, the French Riviera—one of the Continent's few sunny spots—was seared by one of the worst forest fires in its history. Flames, swept on by a 60-mile-an-hour mistral from the Rhone Valley, devoured 32,000 acres of tinder-dry pine forest and sent tourists scurrying to the beaches, where a flotilla of French navy vessels and pleasure boats ferried them to safety.

Altogether, the summer of 1965 was not likely to be forgotten. As if to tease Continentals, a dazzling sun broke through the clouds at midweek—only to disappear by week's end in the accustomed gloom. For the French, the season had been an *cité pourri* (a rotten summer). The Germans said it wasn't a summer at all—they called it "the green winter."

EASTERN EUROPE

The New Class

At her salon door lies a fluffy pink doormat. Her terrace overlooks a river that winds through one of Europe's most romantic cities, the ancestral home of many of the Continent's most dashing and beautiful women. "My clients prefer the styles of Chanel and Givenchy," coos the grey-haired *grande dame* of *haute couture*. But the city is not Paris, the river not the Seine, and madame is not Coco. She is Klára Rothschild of Budapest, oracle of fashion throughout Communist Europe, recipient of the Order of Labor in the People's Republic of Hungary, and at a state-paid salary of \$20,000 a year,



SUMMER SNOW IN NORWAY
Shut-ins could watch TV.

one of János Kádár's most generously valued national assets.

Trooping to Paris. True, Madame Klára's creations, which begin at the distinctly *bas de couture* price of only \$52 per dress, look rather a lot like last year's Givenchys and Chaneels. Her evening gowns at times are even languidly reminiscent of the 1930s, when, as the daughter of a successful Hungarian couturier ("I was born on the cutting-room table"), she founded her establishment in the Budapest of Ferenc Molnár and Béla Bartók. Still, the fact that after postwar years of obscurity, she thrives today and retails her wares to the likes of Jovanka Tito, the Marshal's wife, illustrates a new wrinkle in dialectical materialism. Fashion, long considered frivolous and bourgeois, is once again fashionable throughout Eastern Europe.

Hungary, Czechoslovakia and East Germany sponsor state design institutes and couture houses. Poland's Jadwiga Grabowska, manager and chief designer of Warsaw's EWA style center, is frequently on television in her role as "the dictator of Polish fashion." Like her counterparts in other Red lands, she vies with Moscow to produce annual "socialistically styled" lines of dresses and sportswear, which are sent as exhibitions to foreign capitals, while troops of designers at the same time study the latest inspirations that Paris has to offer. Party newspapers and television urge women (and men) to dress more tastefully, and carry advice on dieting, cosmetics and hair care.

Traveling fashion exhibits tour the mountains of Transylvania and other remote areas to bring the message to peasant crones in babushkas. Even in Bulgaria, the most retarded nation of the bloc, the party journal *Partien Zhivot* recently reasoned: "We must not lag behind the more advanced countries in being attractively attired. Foreigners judge the superiority of our socialist way of life not only from our factories, building programs and roads, but also from the outward appearance of our people."

Way to Wealth. Such exhortations are hardly necessary in the cities. The big problem there is how, on meager wages and with state-produced clothing still predominantly old-fashioned and shoddy, to look as in as possible—which, in Eastern Europe, means to look as Western as possible. French, U.S. and Italian movies and tourists are breathlessly scrutinized. Tattered copies of *Vogue* and *Elle* circulate endlessly, and are used by seamstresses to make or remodel clothes. (Many of Budapest's 13,000 dressmakers are believed to earn better incomes than government ministers.) Most countries are also struggling to produce more popular and attractive ready-to-wear. White pleated skirts and Chanel-type suits are available in Warsaw, blue jeans (as a concession to insatiable teen-age demand) in Hungary and Czechoslovakia, and in Belgrade a classic shirtwaist dress can be bought for under \$20.



BUDAPEST GIRLS

Scrutinizing tourists and tattered Vogues.

The new class is not confined to women's styles. Lean, clean British and Italian men's tailoring is gradually beginning to replace the Frankie Boy padded shoulders and Little Caesar lapels dear to generations of Politburocrats. Tutted *Partien Zhivot*: "Some people holding a recognized place in society are unable to part with wide trouser legs and cuffs, with long, ankle-length greatcoats and light-colored overcoats. They see in ever-changing fashion, in the fashionable and elegant, almost an imitation of the bourgeois. They do not suspect that they too are dressed in fashion—but only according to an outdated, already discarded, archaic fashion."

WEST GERMANY

Playing It Safe

In the two years since he took command of the Christian Democratic Union and the nation from Konrad Adenauer, Chancellor Ludwig Erhard has been widely accused of uninspired leadership. Yet when he formally kicked off his first campaign for office this week at a rally in Dortmund's vast Westfalenhalle, he appeared the man most likely to succeed when the nation goes to the polls on Sept. 19.

Main reason, of course, is his popularity with the huge mass of voters less interested in political brilliance than in having a solid man at the helm. What is more, Erhard is the man in the middle of three middle-of-the-road parties, and ideally situated to form a coalition with either of the other two in the likely event that the Christian Democrats once again fail to win an absolute majority.

The latest opinion polls give them 48% of the "decided" vote, as opposed to the 45% they won in the 1961 election under Adenauer's fading leadership. Ever so slightly to the left of them are the Social Democrats, under West Berlin's Mayor Willy Brandt, with 43% of the projected vote, up from 36% in 1961. Almost imperceptibly to the right are the Christian Democrats' junior coalition partners since 1961, Erich Mende's Free Democrats, who won 13% of the vote then, but are conceded only 7% this time.

No Sidecar. For the next six weeks, as the three party leaders crisscross the republic on their campaign trains, their speeches will underline how fundamentally similar their views all are. All three are in favor of "new initiatives" in German reunification and for continuing support of NATO and the European alliance. On domestic issues, there are only some small differences. If Erhard fares well but misses an absolute majority, he will probably call on the more congenial Free Democrats again, but some of his followers are muttering about the possibility of a "grand coalition" with the Social Democrats if he does less well.

But not so long as Erhard is running things. Last week he denounced a grand coalition as an S.P.D. "dream that it can coast through the finish line in the C.D.U.'s sidecar." The Socialists' Willy Brandt hinted that he would be only too delighted to join any coalition at all, since such talk could help him in the campaign.

But Brandt is one of Erhard's greatest assets. Cursed with an undistinguished television image and isolated in West Berlin from most voters, he has so far failed to develop into the charismatic personality the Socialists need. Moreover, despite support from students and intellectuals, his party has done little to exploit the latent "time for a change" philosophy that should militate in its favor after 16 years out of power. The party slogan, "*Sicher ist sicher*" (roughly: "Play it safe") is designed to reassure voters that, despite their Marxist origins, the Socialists are now a respectable, middle-class party—but somehow the words seem more appropriate for, say, the Christian Democrats.

Ad Anger. The sprightliest pre-campaign politicking has been supplied by the fractious Free Democrats, who are desperately worried lest they win less than 5% of the vote and lose their right to sit in the Bundestag. Their advertisements forcefully remind the electorate that they have not been afraid to walk out of the Cabinet when the Christian Democrats dragged their feet. Many Christian Democrats were so infuriated by the ads that they talked of throwing the Free Democrats out of the coalition—but they relented. No one wanted to reprimand the sinners so severely that they would be tempted to form a coalition after the election with the Socialists instead.

THE HEMISPHERE

DOMINICAN REPUBLIC

Troubled Days

In a paddyfield far out in the Dominican countryside, a bare-chested *campesino* whipped his straining oxen. "Go, you lovelies!" he cried. "Get up, you bastards!" Across the rich corn and platano fields of the Cibao Valley, fair-skinned, barefoot women toted gourds from roadside fountains to their thatched shacks, while nearby mounds of rice lay drying in the sun. In the mountains to the north, a grizzled farmer, Vicente Santiago, 65, worried his head over his ten children, his ten hens,

even more pronounced in the republic's second city, Santiago (pop. 75,000). There, last week, the movie houses were packed, and a chic fashion show drew a capacity crowd. Well-stocked shops were doing a bustling business. Rotarians held their regular dinner at the downtown Hotel Mercedes, the local civic band played its customary Sunday-afternoon concert in the park, and the binational Dominican-American Center held its usual graduation ceremony for the students who had been learning English.

Economy Damage. For all this appearance of detachment, the little republic was beginning to feel a deeper deterioration of the already troubled economy. The revolt closed major banks in Santo Domingo's rebel zone, thus hobbling the flow of credit throughout the country. A peso shortage cut down business outlays and salaries, and government tax collections dropped from \$15 million to \$5 million a month. To help out, the U.S. is putting cash in the hands of laborers through \$6,416,000 in emergency grants for road and irrigation projects. That is at best a stopgap move. The country, which barely got through with a gross national product of \$824 million in 1964, will probably end up with a G.N.P. for 1965 of \$700 million.

It was in Santo Domingo, of course, that the damage was most evident. Day by day, the civilian population there was growing more restive, and the pressures for settlement increased. Last week, a group of top capital businessmen petitioned Chief OAS Mediator Ambassador Ellsworth T. Bunker to press for an end to the "deterioration of all our activities, economic as well as educational and civic."

No Cash. Typically, the end seemed close at hand—and yet not quite within grasp. The bitter hatred between the loyalist forces of General Antonio Imbert Barrera and Colonel Francisco Camaño Deñó's rebels had hardly diminished. The rebels claimed to want a provisional government; yet rebel youths were taking daily training in street fighting and guerrilla warfare—under the leadership of men of the Castroite 14th-of-June group. Last week Loyalist Imbert's radio was howling at the OAS, issuing scare warnings of imminent violence, insisting that his junta was in fact "the provisional government of the Dominican Republic." The OAS countered with pressure. Imbert has received no U.S. cash to pay the \$10 million July salaries of his government, and now the OAS warned that there would be no further U.S. money for his unrecognized regime. At week's end—for the first time since the revolt—rebel and loyalist representatives met at an OAS conference table for preliminary settlement talks.

URUGUAY

Toward the Brink

Eight Uruguayan officials, led by Agriculture Minister Wilson Ferreira Aldunate, walked uneasily into a private office at the Federal Reserve Bank of New York one day last week, unpacked their briefcases, charts and account books, and for 2½ hours pleaded for help from representatives of seven metropolitan banks. The same day, the Uruguayans shuffled to Washington for similar meetings with officers at the International Monetary Fund, Inter-American Development Bank and Inter-American Committee for the Alliance for Progress. The sad truth, only too obvious to the bankers, was that tiny Uruguay is almost flat broke, and, like a householder who is already up to his ears in debt, was finding it increasingly difficult to raise fresh cash.

The seeds of the present crisis go back to the early 1900s, when a young reform-minded President named José Battle y Ordóñez started the country on a spree of welfare-statism. He and his successors set up workmen's compensation, minimum-wage and old-age pension plans, organized a sprawl of government industries (insurance, electricity, petroleum refining) to cut consumer costs and—in an effort to guarantee democracy—replaced Uruguay's one-man presidency with a nine-man National Council. As benefits piled on benefits, the Council became less a government than a gigantic octopus that today is drowning in its own ink. To meet rising annual deficits, the government simply has printed more money, has run the foreign debt to an unwieldy \$500 million, of which \$80 million is already overdue this year. Largely as a result, the once-proud peso in the past five years fell from 9¢ to 1½¢ and the cost of living quadrupled.

To tide the country over into next year, the Council recently asked the National Assembly to authorize another \$94 million in new currency. Last week the Council had to settle for only \$28 million—"barely enough," snorted Finance Minister Daniel H. Martins, "to cover our needs until September." Many Uruguayans agreed. University students demonstrated angrily in downtown Montevideo, and thousands of government employees staged a series of brief protest strikes. Uruguay's immediate object in sending its eight-man mission north is to get \$56 million in U.S. commercial debts rescheduled and to arrange for additional loans. The country's past record has made Washington leary. Before any further credit can be considered, the U.S. wants to see a broad program of economic reform in Uruguay. New York banks are of the same mind.



DOWNTOWN SANTIAGO
Santo Domingo could be Mars.

his three acres of coffee, platano and corn—and little else. If there was trouble in Santo Domingo, it was of no concern to him. "The governments in the capital do not mean anything to us," said he. "No matter what changes there, everything is the same to us here."

The old farmer reflected a curious detachment in the Dominican Republic four months after the abortive revolution. To the people of the country's farms and villages, Santo Domingo might as well be on Mars. What concerned them most was the sorry shape of the sugar, cocoa and coffee markets, the absence of rain, the shortage of food, the need to get pencils and books for the kids returning to school—in short, the same things that concerned them before Santo Domingo erupted.

The mood of disengagement was



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PEOPLE

"I hadn't been using my voice," said Gospel Singer **Mahalia Jackson**, 53. "Just a little humming around the house. The muscles were all relaxed, and I wondered how it would come out." After eleven months' convalescence following a heart attack, Mahalia was still a little weak and sealed down from her old 250 lbs. to a relatively gaunt 160 lbs. She needn't have wondered about her rich contralto: it came out just fine. To save her the wear of traveling to studios on the East or West coasts, Columbia Records hauled some special tape equipment to Chicago. And there last week in the choir loft of the South Side's Greater Salem Baptist Church, where she began her singing career more than 30 years ago, Mahalia rolled vibrantly through *Never Turn Back*, *We've Come a Mighty Long Way*, and eleven other resounding gospels. "I don't think I can take it like I used to," sorrowed Mahalia, "but I'll keep faith."

"Have a booze!" bellowed **Jackie Gleason**, 49, as the 14-car train pulled out of Manhattan and headed south. The Great One promptly took his own advice, and so did most of the other 113 passengers. Gleason was highballing to Miami Beach to begin taping his fall television series. CBS donated \$18,000, plus \$1,500 in tipping change, to sponsor the rolling bedlam called the Great Gleason Express. Amid the blares of the stuck diesel horns ("BAAAAH!") and a familiar howl ("HOW SU-WEET IT IS!"), the dancers, cronies, reporters and flacks attacked 500 lbs. of assorted meats, 30 cans of mock turtle soup, 2,614 one-shot whisky bottles and, as they dragged into Miami next day, 40 boxes of aspirin and alkalines.



GLEASON & FRIENDS
Highballing to Miami.



MIA, ROZ & CLAUDETTE
Fruit looping at sea.

It was the sort of event that Chronicler Artie Schlesinger would give a day's royalties to have reported. Out of the Kennedy compound at Hyannisport swarmed a large assortment of the famed clan, including a U.S. Senator or two, bound for a little light boating on the *Marlin*. At about the same time, who should traipse up the path to visit old Joe Kennedy at his 17-room cottage but **Frank Sinatra**, 49, his girl friend **Mia Farrow**, 19, and Hollywood Duennas **Roz Russell** and **Claudette Colbert**. After a greeting from Jackie and a lively chat with Joe, Frank and his crowd ambled back to Sinatra's 168-ft. chartered yacht *Southern Breeze*. What tantalized pursuing newsmen most was the notion that Frankie and Mia (who plays Allison Mackenzie in TV's *Peyton Place*) were married—or about to be. All anybody knew for sure, as the *Southern Breeze* lay at anchor off colorful Cape Cod that afternoon, was that among the fresh foodstuffs taken aboard at Hyannisport were several boxes of a body-building breakfast cereal called Fruit Loops.

A traffic cop stuck a couple of 53 tickets on his Volkswagen when it was parked in a space reserved for Government officials, and Washington's U.S. Attorney **David C. Acheson**, 45, son of the former Secretary of State, promptly sent the tickets to be fixed. "Since I am a Government official," said he with a combination of hauteur and logic, "it would seem to me that the place was reserved for me." He had not reckoned on Oregon's Democratic Senator **Wayne Morse**, 64, a man of many scattered parts, who is known to headline writers as the "archfoe of ticket fixing," and who is credited by some with having raised Washington's annual revenue from traffic fines by nearly \$500,000 in one year. Getting wind of

the Acheson incident, Morse took to the Senate floor for an irate recital on the "inexcusable violation," the "shocking case." Acheson, whose only real offense was not displaying a window sticker naming him a Government official, had the right words for it all: "An irritating episode."

The State Department, invoking its 1961 ban on travel to Cuba, turned down U.S. Chess Champion **Bobby Fischer**, 22, who wanted to compete in Havana's international Capablanca Memorial Tournament. Checked temporarily, the moodily brilliant high school dropout studied the board, then maneuvered thus: he cabled Cuba's National Institute of Sports, Physical Education and Recreation, asked if he might play the tournament by telephone or cable from New York. Havana has agreed, says Bobby's attorney, and if arrangements can be made through the World Chess Federation, Brooklyn's grand master will be moving the non-political pawns over the wire in the Aug. 25 tournament. Checkmate, State.

West Virginia's handsome 41-year-old executive mansion in Charleston, once thought to be a safe place in which to brood about the ills of Appalachia, was suddenly declared a disaster area. A crew of workmen sprucing up the house lifted some floorboards, discovered that termites had chomped into the wooden beams and joists, and now the building is tilting and the stairways are slanting. Eaten out of house and home, Democratic Governor **Hulett C. Smith**, 46, evacuated his wife and five children to his own place in Beckley, 52 miles away, there to await the restoration and to ponder the imbalance of nature that produced overfed termites and underfed coal miners in his domain.

SUMMER READING: Risks, Rules & Rewards

"DORIS?" says a character in Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus*. "She's the one who's always reading *War and Peace*. That's how I know it's summer, when Doris is reading *War and Peace*." Whether or not Doris ever suffers through all 365 chapters of Tolstoy's masterpiece, she is plainly a member in good standing of the summer self-improvement league, that earnest, ever growing army of readers who would sooner put a cherry in a martini than leave for vacation without at least one Great Book.

As a result, the Unread Classic has become as much a part of vacation nostalgia as the unvisited museum or the unclaimed laundry. The catchall bookshelf in a rented summer cottage, once the hallowed repository of mildewed *National Geographic*s and Mary Roberts Rinehart, now often runs to Pasternak and Proust, to Galbraith and *Gideon's Trumpet*. Even in the remotest fishing village, the drugstore often offers a conscience-pricking range of paperback titles. Inevitably, as he scoops up Louis Fischer's *Life of Lenin*, Camus' *The Plague*, George Orwell's *Essays*, and four Ian Flemings for insurance, the vacationer is torn between dreams of intellectual grandeur and the gnawing suspicion that he will only finish the Flemings. Once again, the seasonal Shakespeare skimmer might observe, vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself.

If summer has become the time for tomes, the first rule of the season, as vacationing Playwright Jerome Kilty pointed out in Rome last week, is that "you don't have to read the books you take with you." One of his own favorite unopened authors is Teynbee. Rule No. 2 is that you don't have to finish anything. Indeed, half the charm of vacation bookmanship is in returning to the same unconquered magnum opus as if to Everest. A Madison Avenue executive back from Martha's Vineyard this month confessed that he had attacked Dante's *Divine Comedy* for the fifth straight year, only to bog down once again in the first canto. "But," he added bravely, "I'm getting sort of fond of *Inferno*." His secret hope, and that of many another frustrated bibliophile, is that next year it will rain during his entire vacation.

Time was, of course, when summer fare was strictly "hammock reading": Agatha Christie, Erle Stanley Gardner, Ellery Queen, Thurber, Smith (H. Allen, Logan Pearsall or Thorne), Bob Benchley, Eric Ambler, Erskine Caldwell—authors who could be read by firefly or by fishing stream, and required no expenditure of thought. Few weighty books were published in summer, and few were bought.

The Annual Oasis

In recent years, however, year-round reading habits have changed. "People don't read many light books any more," says a Beverly Hills bookseller. "These are not light times." Seasonal froth still abounds, but more vacationers nowadays tend to ballast their bags with classics or important current books. Main reason for the shift is that the heightened pressures of business, community and social life leave less and less opportunity for serious reading during the workaday year. Reading has become a game of guilt. Wrote Walter Kerr in *The Decline of Pleasure*: "We are all of us compelled to read for profit, for contacts, lunch for contracts, bowl for unity, drive for mileage, gamble for charity, go out for the evening for the greater glory of the municipality, and stay home for the weekend to rebuild the house." Who has time to read for pleasure?

If the reasonably successful and conscientious American family is left with any time for literature, it tends to read in winter what used to be regarded as summer fare. The holiday reading list increasingly represents an escape not from serious literature but toward it; vacations loom as the annual oasis where people can soak up the topical or timeless, talked-about or dreamed-about books.

The task has been made easier by air conditioning (hammocks were hardly an aid to concentration), by the proliferation of paperbacks, and by the hard-cover publishers, many of whom nowadays bring out serious books in the months when the public has time to tackle them.

Naturally, there are still many constant readers who follow the same schedule all year round, and they seem somehow surprised to discover that everybody's habits are not the same. Says Novelist Peter De Vries, who is on many a vacation book list himself: "I'm always amazed at lists of summer reading. Mine is the same as fall, winter, spring—it doesn't shift gears, throttle down, rev up, or anything." Although he has taken only a week off so far this summer, De Vries has already zoomed through Bruce J. Friedman's *Stern* and Italo Svevo's *The Confessions of Zeno*, is currently reading or rereading *Coriolanus*, Anthony Powell, Stendhal, Hart Crane and T. S. Eliot. His schedule is modest compared with the ten-foot shelf that French Critic Claude Roy claims to have taken on his vacation: all of Henry James, Proust, Chekhov and Henri Michaux; three volumes of Sartre's *Situations*; Isaac Deutscher's *Trotsky*, in three volumes; four F. Scott Fitzgerald novels and two by Hemingway; six art books; *Nan Hoa Tchen King* by Tchouang Tzeu; Leopardi's *Zibaldone*; and *Alice in Wonderland*.

Such grandiose lists prompted the *Saturday Review* several years ago to discontinue polling writers on their reading. Many authors reacted as if they were being given an intelligence test. As *Saturday Review* Editor Norman Cousins remarked: "A man knows even less about his reading habits than he does about his sex habits."

The Ever Rising Wall

On the other hand, a man is apt to know his nonreading habits only too well. In the eyes of the overworked businessman or scientist whose leisure-time intake during the past year has consisted of *The Spy Who Came In from the Cold* and 94 pages of *The Group*, even the lip-moving fellow commuter who mumbles his way through a Leon Uris novel is someone to be regarded with awe. The nonreading executive often feels like an Edgar Allan Poe character who is slowly but surely being sealed off from the rest of the world by a wall of unread books. At the wall's foundation are the *Pickwick Papers*, *Moby Dick*, *Paradise Lost*, Plato's *Dialogues*, Henry James, Boswell's *Johnson*, and countless other classics. At eye level are Paul Tillich and Samuel Eliot Morison, Barbara Tuchman and Anne Morrow Lindbergh, O'Hara, Mailer, Roth, Updike and Günter Grass. "The multitude of books," as Voltaire observed, "is making us ignorant." Voltaire should be alive today.

The middle-aged shutin should first discard the summer reading list. He would never get around to all those titles anyway. Besides, as the old adage has it, a man who reads to improve himself is probably beyond hope of improvement. The catch-up reader should then resolve to shun all the authors he feels obliged to read. If his conscience impels him toward Marlowe, he should settle for *Harlowe*; if his secret ambition is to get through all of Dumas, he should try a Du Maurier. For the habitual non-reader to leap into *Finnegans Wake* or Wittgenstein is almost as unseemly and possibly as dangerous as it is for a middle-aged stockbroker to demonstrate push-ups at a party. By the same token, the would-be title-dropper should stay firmly away from *The Golden Bough*, the *Aeneid*, Kierkegaard, *The Wealth of Nations*, Rousseau, Thucydides, *The Origin of Species*, Teilhard de Chardin, and any other reading that assistant professors of English call "seminal."

The initial aim of summer cramming for the neophyte, as Author Richard Armour cautions, should be to "learn something—and be able to hold forth at the dinner table

about it." Armour adds sagely: "If you want to score points, you've got to get the conversation around to something you've read, and prove you're up on the subject." No one scores points by babbling about a novel that everyone else has forgotten for two years. For that matter, it is safe to skip all Major Novelists, since everyone else is presumed to have read them anyway. This narrows the field considerably, since all novelists published in the U.S. since World War II have been Major. The dinner companion who admits reading the soft-center bon-bon writers—Taylor Caldwell, Michener, Helen MacInnes—actually loses points. History, on the other hand, is prestigious, but a sticky wicket for the novice, who by fall usually forgets which battle took place where and when, and just why General Thingummy lost it.

The Non-Bookworm Turns

High points go to readers of biography, particularly if the book is longwinded and the subject long dead. Top scorer at many dinner tables this fall will be the man who has read L. Pearce Williams' *Michael Faraday* (531 pages) and can laconically explain how the 19th century English scientist contributed to Einstein's General Field Theory. For the average non-reader, however, the safest summer investment might well be one of the numerous British novelists who produce short, superbly written books on subjects of total inconsequence: Octogenarian Frank Swinnerton, for example, who learned to write when Proust was an apprentice, and has turned out more than 30 novels of manners and malice (his latest: *Quadrille*) with a fine disregard for every development in fiction over the past 60 years.

An even more painless stratagem is to latch on to a mystery or thriller writer who is not yet widely known. Fleming and le Carré, of course, are old-gat. So are Britain's Len Deighton (*The Iperess File*) and John Creasey (*Death of an Assassin*), whose books have been made into movies. Georges Simenon, the prolific French author whose Inspector Maigret has solved more than 60 book-length cases to date, has yet to win a mass following in the U.S., despite his fine ear for Gallic nuance and a geographer's eye for locale. One enterprising reader, 1965 Harvard Graduate Roy Cobb, recently rediscovered Sax Rohmer, whose Fu Manchu books, he predicts, are a sure bet for rediscovery—at least by the camp set. But some of the best contemporary mystery writers remain curiously underappreciated. Among them are Englishman Andrew Garve (*The Cuckoo Line Affair*); John D. MacDonald, the O'Hara of the whodunit; Australia's Arthur W. Upfield, whose detective hero, Napoleon Bonaparte, is half aborigine; Donald Hamilton, whose Matt Helm is a sort of Yankee 007; and Ed McBain, a master of suspenseful prose, who in real life is Evan Hunter, author of *The Blackboard Jungle*.

The ultimate purpose of reading for points should be to tranquilize the non-reader's guilt and restore his self-confidence. One sure sign that the non-bookworm has turned and is reading for pleasure instead of improvement comes when he switches from hardbacks to paperbacks. It is almost an article of faith nowadays that paperbacks are for reading, hard-covers for coffee tables. Though the big-book syndrome lingers on among some bona-fide readers, notably Ivy League freshmen returning on home visits to the cultural outback, any volume big enough to be spotted three lounge chairs away immediately puts its owner in doubt.

Maximizers & Repeaters

Even in paperback, the Alexandria Quartet, Anthony Powell's *The Music of Time* series, Gide's *Journals* and all of C. P. Snow are apt to stir poolside suspicion. Anyone who takes his summer reading seriously must weather such risks—or else tuck his *Doctor Zhivago* inside *Doctor No*. The lowbrow in search of status will reverse the process and hide *Sexus* under, say, Koestler's *The Act of Creation*. The camouflage problem is more complicated for the compulsive careerist, who always gets "some good new books" before he leaves on vacation. But how can he bury *The Speculative Significance of the Inner Action of the Market* under Sam Snead's *How to Hit a Golf Ball*? An antithetical quandary

faces the Communer with Nature who vows that reading is the curse of civilization and goes off to a remote isle to stare into space. After four days of memorizing every label in the medicine cabinet and pantry, he appears wild-eyed in the nearest drugstore and hauls off *The Ambassadors*, *Jude the Obscure*, *Conversations with Stalin*, three old Margery Allingham's and *Pornography and the Law*.

One of the most ardent of all literature luggers is the Experience Maximizer, who seeks to extract every ounce of significance from his travels by boning up on the history and folklore of the place he is visiting. For a sojourn in Italy this summer, a Manhattan couple came armed with H. V. Morton's *A Traveller in Rome* and *A Traveller in Italy*, Luigi Barzini's *The Italians*, and a clutch of Moravia novels. Another species of Experience Maximizer is represented by Washington's Laughlin Phillips, a former State Department officer, who during shore vacations in Maryland cracks nothing but shellfish and books on shellfish.

For many readers, vacations mean a ritualistic return to the old favorites that an Edgartown, Mass., summer resident calls "come-as-you-are books." Cartoonist Al Capp chuckles himself to sleep by dipping into *Martin Chuzzlewit* or *Little Dorrit*. A sophisticated young matron on New York's Fire Island unabashedly begins her vacation with Frank Yerby's *Pride's Castle* and Ambler's *A Coffin for Dimirios*. Another confirmed repeater is Author Barzini, who claims that "you can always open *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and find some wonderful sequence about a Byzantine emperor gouging his son's eyes out." A psychiatrist might sneer that the compulsive repeater needs a familiar book for the same reason that Linus totes his blanket—as a form of security against the bristling insecurities of a strange environment.

Politicians, by contrast, generally read to protect themselves from the slings and arrows back home. New York's Mayor Wagner went off for a honeymoon in Florida with James Horan's *The Seat of Power*, a close-to-the-bone novel about organized crime and police corruption in New York City. Just about everyone in Washington has taken along Teddy White's *The Making of the President, 1964*. President de Gaulle's recent reading has included *Joséphine*, a new biography of Napoleon's light o' love, and *L'Histoire de Jésus-Christ* by R. L. Bruckberger, a Dominican priest who writes like an angel. De Gaulle was so moved by the latter that he assured the author, "When I read your book, I really felt as if I had lived then"—as many of De Gaulle's subjects have long suspected.

Setting the Feast

The secret of vacation reading, as of most other activities, lies in striking a felicitous balance between mental pleasure and intellectual profit. A formula that works for many readers is to blend: 1) a favorite book of verse, such as the love poems of John Donne, that can be dipped into at easy intervals; 2) a novelist read long ago, say an early Evelyn Waugh or a Graham Greene "entertainment"; 3) a meaty current novel—perhaps John Cheever's *The Wapshot Scandal*; 4) a sprinkling of suspense and frivolity; 5) a serious but unformidable history or biography, such as Lady Longford's *Queen Victoria* or *Is Paris Burning?*; 6) one tome they have no intention of opening, such as *A History of the Jewish People*; and 7) a book related to summer pastimes, such as Bill Robinson's *Book of Expert Sailing* or, for the compleater-than-thou angler, Walbaum's classic *Life History of the Striped Bass* (*Roccus saxatilis*).

With effort, anyone at any age can recapture that first tingling realization that reading is not an exercise by rote, like learning the multiplication table or the battle lines at Gettysburg, but an act of liberation, a lifelong passport to Huck Finn's Mississippi and Jack London's Yukon, to the worlds of Long John Silver and Merlin and Leatherstocking. This—not the ability to dissect Nelson Algren or Aeschylus at a dinner table—is the peculiar, and private, pleasure of reading. In an age of hurry and specialization, books more than ever are a necessary nourishment for mind and spirit. Summer is the time to set the feast.

THE LAW

CRIMINAL JUSTICE

The Serviceman's Rights

In the wake of an expanded draft call, thousands of Americans are about to encounter a fact of G.I. life that might flabbergast a veteran of World War II. It is the Uniform Code of Military Justice, which permits U.S. military courts to be reviewed by civilian judges. By virtue of the code, the modern U.S. court-martial gives the accused a fairer shake than he can expect in most U.S. state criminal courts.

Congress enacted the code in 1950 in response to complaints about "drum-head justice" during World War II, when the number of courts-martial hit 750,000 a year. In one sense, the complaints were no surprise; civilian soldiers, whether draftees or volunteers, have made known their distaste for military rules in every U.S. war since the Revolution. But Congress was also aware of the pro-

military courts have quietly adopted many of the most controversial criminal-law rules only recently imposed on state courts by the U.S. Supreme Court. Civilian courts have not yet adopted some rules that have become military practice. The Supreme Court, for example, has yet to say that state police failure to advise a suspect of his rights to counsel and silence invalidates his confession—a requirement that Congress imposed on the military 15 years ago. A military defendant is also entitled to full pretrial "discovery" of all evidence against him—a virtually unheard-of rule in state courts.

Bread & Water. The Uniform Code of Military Justice governs members of all five armed forces and all organizations assigned to them, such as the Public Health Service. It used to govern servicemen's wives and civilian employees outside the U.S., but the Supreme Court (acting on writs of habeas cor-

pus). Neither counsel need be a lawyer, but if the former is, the latter must be. Maximum penalties upon conviction: six months' confinement at hard labor and a bad-conduct discharge, which is theoretically less serious than a dishonorable discharge.

► **GENERAL COURTS-MARTIAL** have jurisdiction over any person subject to the code, try all serious offenses ranging from murder to desertion. The court has at least five members, plus three lawyers trained as members of the particular service's Judge Advocate General's Corps. They are: the trial counsel, defense counsel and "law officer" (judge), who rules on all questions of law, but does not participate in the final secret vote for guilt or innocence. A general court can impose any statutory sentence, including dishonorable discharge, life imprisonment and death (by unanimous vote).

Foxhole Privacy. Grim as it all sounds, every court-martial sentence is automatically reviewed and often lightened in the process. The local com-



COURT OF MILITARY APPEALS: FERGUSON, QUINN, KILDAY
A fairer shake than civilians get.

fessional soldier's compelling argument that autocracy is a military necessity. As General William Tecumseh Sherman warned in 1879: "An army is a collection of armed men obliged to obey one man. Every change in the rules which impairs the principle weakens the army."

15 Years Ahead. As it tried to balance service requirements against civilian complaints, Congress came to the conclusion that military autocracy had indeed gone too far. Investigators found widespread abuse of "command control"—the power of local commanders to convene courts-martial, appoint court members and review court verdicts. The record showed that all too many commanders had been using military courts as personal disciplinary weapons, ignoring even such bedrock rights as the presumption of innocence until guilt is proved beyond reasonable doubt. As one ex-Navy lawyer recalls: "The general attitude seemed to be that a man was going before a court-martial to receive a sentence rather than a trial."

In writing the new code, Congress adroitly retained command control—but so hedged it with restraints that U.S.

pus) voided that power in 1957. The code proscribes a wide variety of offenses, ranging from military mutiny to burglary. It authorizes execution (usually hanging) for everything from premeditated murder to wartime desertion, but makes death mandatory only for spying. No military executions have occurred since 1961; the Navy has performed none since 1849.

Not surprisingly, the code's judicial niceties have moved the services to demand and get more authority for handling minor offenses by meting out punishment without trial—for example, up to seven days in the brig and three days on bread and water. Beyond this, however, the accused is entitled to three kinds of courts-martial, basically ranked according to punishment power:

► **SUMMARY COURTS-MARTIAL** deal only with enlisted men, consist of one officer who acts as judge and jury. Maximum penalties: one month's confinement, 45 days' hard labor, forfeiture of two-thirds of one month's pay.

► **SPECIAL COURTS-MARTIAL** nearly always deal with enlisted men, have a president (senior officer present), a trial counsel (prosecutor) and defense coun-

mander may cut any sentence (though he may never increase it), after which his actions are reviewed by a Judge Advocate General's Corps lawyer from the accused's branch of the service. For all major sentences, the next step after the commander is a three-lawyer "JAG" board of review in the Pentagon.

The supreme court of the armed forces is the U.S. Court of Military Appeals in Washington. "COMA," as military lawyers call it, has three civilian judges—Chief Judge Robert E. Quinn, 71, a former state trial judge and ex-Governor of Rhode Island; Paul J. Kilday, 65, a Texan who served 22 years in Congress and helped to write the military justice code as a member of the House Armed Services Committee; and Homer Ferguson, 72, a veteran Detroit trial judge who later served two terms as Republican U.S. Senator from Michigan.

Appointed to 15-year terms by the President, COMA judges automatically review all sentences involving death and all sentences involving flag officers. They accept or reject other appeals as they see fit, hear 30-minute oral argu-

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ments, and issue written opinions on "decision days" (Fridays).

In its 14-year history, the court has issued reversals in about half its written opinions. In *U.S. v. Voorhees* (1954), for example, the court upheld the free-speech right of a public-information officer who published a book on Korea without clearance. In *U.S. v. Adams* (1955), the court ruled in favor of a private who in self-defense killed a trespasser in his tent on the ground that a soldier's right of privacy extends "even to a foxhole."

Who's Crying? The code's guarantee of justice has served as a strong argument for more Status of Force Agreements, arrangements by which foreign governments permit U.S. forces rather than local courts to try the crimes of U.S. servicemen serving overseas. Ironically, though, the Supreme Court's exclusion of overseas civilians from court-martial jurisdiction now subjects them almost exclusively to trial by foreign courts. A case in point is Robert Kimball, the American civilian who is accused of murdering a Vietnamese woman and the top U.S. civilian adviser to South Viet Nam's national police force. Fearing that Kimball might be outside any U.S. jurisdiction whatever, U.S. officials last week waived his diplomatic immunity and handed him over to Viet Nam. Kimball could be imprisoned for life, but Viet Nam also recognizes the *crime passionnel*—in which case the rap is as little as five years.

On the other hand, many U.S. commanders complain that the code's concern for individual rights may compromise military discipline in wartime. While the evidence for this charge is far from overwhelming, disciplinarians may some day cite with alarm the case of Army Doctor Sanford Wolfson, a young draftee and Harvard graduate, who personally griped to General William C. Westmoreland last January about medical-supply shortages in Viet Nam. The irked general ordered the "crybaby" doctor before a general court-martial on Okinawa, where he was accused of malingering and such unofficerlike conduct as sporting a beard. Last week the court tossed out the malingering charge for lack of evidence, thus undermining Westmoreland's entire case.

Equality v. Deterrence

What is the purpose of U.S. criminal justice: Equal treatment for all who are accused or deterrence of crime? Such is the issue now roiling the American Law Institute as it force-drafts a model code of prearrest procedure to help police live with Supreme Court decisions. Last week two eminent lawyers aired the debate in a fascinating exchange of letters published in the Washington Evening Star.

Writing to Attorney General Nicholas Katzenbach, Chief Judge David Bazelon of the U.S. Court of Appeals in



ATTORNEY GENERAL KATZENBACH
Frankly, poverty breeds crime.

Washington sharply questioned the effect on the "poor Negro citizen" of such draft proposals as 20-minute street detention, dragnet arrests to sift suspects, station-house questioning up to 24 hours after arrest, and lack of free counsel for indigents. Protested Bazelon: "I cannot understand why the crimes of the poor are so much more damaging to society as to warrant the current hue and cry—reflected in the proposed code—for enlarging police powers, which primarily are directed against those crimes."

In blunt reply, Katzenbach said: "It would be ridiculous to state that the overriding purpose of any criminal investigation is to insure equal treatment. Obviously, criminal investigation is designed to discover those guilty of crime." To be sure, he said, the great purpose of appellate court decisions reforming police procedures has been to cure glaring inequities. "But as the cases have presented more and more difficult questions of fairness and propriety, I believe the judges have left the public behind."

Whatever the law should be, said Katzenbach, it is "particularly irrelevant" to fret because police questioning may bother the poor the most—"the simple fact is that poverty is often a breeding ground for criminal conduct, and that inevitably any code of procedure is likely to affect more poor people than rich people." Indeed, argued Katzenbach, more effective police procedure would benefit the poor, "for it is they who live in the high-crime areas." In short, criminal justice can go only so far in seeking social equality—a goal that courts alone cannot reach—and then it is time for the "deadly serious" responsibility of controlling crime. Concluded Katzenbach: "We are not so civilized that we can afford to abandon deterrence as a goal of our criminal law."

RELIGION

METHODISTS

Join, Consolidate, or Drift?

Of the six denominations discussing the "Blake proposal" to create a new Protestant U.S. superchurch, the one most cautious of involvement is the Methodist. The nation's 10,235,000 Methodists, who would be the largest component of the union, are triply divided among an ecumenical avant-garde who see an urgent need for union, a church bureaucracy generally committed to consolidation rather than extension, and a vast majority of pastors and laymen



OUTLER

Fish or cut bait.

either indifferent to union or dubious about its consequences.

The most strident voices in Methodist's internal debate have lately been those of the ecumenists. During a June conference of church leaders at Lake Junaluska, N.C., Theologian Albert C. Outler, an observer at the Vatican Council, argued that it was time for Methodism to "fish or cut bait." If the church was really not interested in following through with the Blake proposal, he asked, "would it be wiser to withdraw now rather than later?" In the current issue of the *Journal of Ecumenical Studies*, Methodist Church Historian Franklin Littell complains that his church's leaders have approached merger "with the mind-set of all deliberate speed." He further charges that the present self-satisfied state of Methodism as the one truly national church precludes any serious involvement in the ecumenical task.

"We're Not Ready." Although harshly put, the charges of Outler and Littell ring true to many other Methodists. "We're not ready for organic merger," admits Bishop Donald Tippett of San

Francisco, a supporter of the Blake union. Many Methodist leaders believe that priority in church goals should go to resolving internal problems. Bishop Paul Martin of Houston, for example, argues that Methodism has its hands full attempting to integrate the Negro Central Jurisdiction into previously all-white church structures and carrying out a scheduled 1968 merger with the Evangelical United Brethren, a Methodist-like body of German origin. At the Lake Junaluska Conference, Indianapolis Bishop Richard Raimon suggested that the church's first need was reorganizing and strengthening its relations with other Methodist bodies around the world.

While the bishops may be concerned with the church's institutional needs, argues the Rev. Leroy Hodapp of the First Methodist Church in Bloomington, Ind., "the great mass of Methodists are totally indifferent to church union. If you were to poll the average congregation about the six-church consultation, half the members wouldn't know what you were talking about." According to the Rev. Albert Shirkey of Washington's Mount Vernon Methodist Church, "the pulpit is far more interested than the pew"; yet other church observers feel that some ministers have been reluctant to talk up union because merger threatens their job security.

Work or Collapse. Nonetheless, the ecumenical Methodists feel confident that the drift of history is on their side. For one thing, the new generation of younger churchmen coming into power are generally committed to ecumenism. For another, the ecumenists note that while Methodist laymen may be indifferent to organic union, they are notably eager to share in unity of church action at the local level. Finally, they conclude that the vast problems facing the church in society make every situation ecumenical. "The city will cause the breakthrough," predicts the Rev. Lewis Durham of San Francisco. "The Protestant churches will realize that they have to work together to survive when sociological need overrides theological differences. The urban scene demands that the churches work together like turt or collapse."

CLERGY

Ministry to Millionaires

The concept of a "church without walls" leads many a clergyman to set up a ministry in a supermarket, a slum or a ski lodge. The Rev. Reuben Gornitzka, 47, who applauds this impulse, believes that "the church has always tended to ignore the very rich and the very poor—especially the very rich." So his church without walls, run with the backing of his superiors in the American Lutheran Church, is a unique personal ministry to millionaires, film

stars, professional men and corporation executives.

A pastor of churches in Milwaukee and Minneapolis for 19 years, Gornitzka in 1963 was forced to move to Palm Desert, Calif., because of a skin ailment. There he discovered that he had a knack for comprehending the problems confided to him by well-to-do people he met at cocktail parties or on the golf course. Gornitzka soon found himself busy helping the friends of friends, eventually organized a full-time ministry around a nonprofit corporation called Direction, Inc.

Gornitzka's office is the executive suite or club of the men who consult him, his parish vehicle the coast-to-



GORNITZKA

Peale more than Paul.

coast jet the travels 140,000 miles a year). One day he may be preaching from a pulpit in Seattle; the next morning he may be in Manhattan, counseling TV, insurance and hotel executives. Last week he was in St. Paul counseling officials of Northwest Airlines, for whom he is a paid consultant.

Gornitzka finds plenty of room at the top for spiritual confusion, depression and fear. His message, which owes more to Peale than to Paul, soothingly emphasizes the presence of God's love. "You wrote him off years ago," he often says, "but he didn't write you off." Besides giving spiritual pep talks, Gornitzka frequently helps businessmen solve moral dilemmas. In a stock battle for control of his company, one West Coast executive faced insurgents who were tapping phones and spreading false rumors about the corporation's financial health. Gornitzka advised the executive to fight back ethically rather than adopt the enemies' tactics. The man lost, but is now doing well with another firm, and feels relieved that he made the right moral choice.

A growing sideline with Gornitzka is advising other ministers on how to deal with rich constituents. He is convinced that many pastors stand in awe of the well-to-do. But if a camel can go through the eye of a needle easier than a rich man can enter the kingdom of God, it would appear that plain preachers can often give the rich a little extra spiritual help.

Other groups committed to the Consultation on Church Union, set up to advance the dream of unity first proposed by the Rev. Eugene Carson Blake at Episcopal Bishop James Pike's Grace Cathedral in San Francisco five years ago: his own United Presbyterian Church, the Episcopal Church, the Disciples of Christ, the Evangelical United Brethren, the United Church of Christ.

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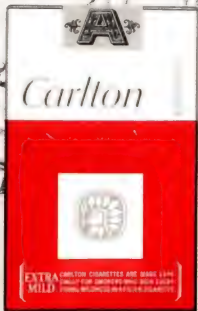
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ART

PAINTING

Picasso's Theater Period

Spring, 1917. World War I ground grimly on. All the same, the famed impresario of the Ballet Russe, Sergei Diaghilev, commissioned a young poet, Jean Cocteau, to conceive a new ballet. At the time Cocteau was obsessed by visual images, especially the Harlequins, Pierrots and musical instruments in Picasso's paintings. As Cocteau recalled later, "My dream was to hear the music of Picasso's guitars," and he set about building his ballet around them, hoping to cajole the Spanish painter into de-

"*C'est Amusant!*" This summer, nearly half a century later, *Parade's* great curtain, 33 ft. by 55 ft., dropped again, and again was greeted with delight. The occasion: a special festival performance of three ballets on which Picasso had worked, put on by the French provincial city of Toulouse to open an accompanying, summer-long exhibition in the Musée des Augustins of his costume designs, décors, sketches, curtains, and related paintings.

This first, full-fledged exhibition of Picasso's theater period was organized by the Musée's new curator, Denis Milhau, 32. Casting about for a splashy

so's intimate friends. Some of the most delightful works are sets and costumes designed for Manuel de Falla's *The Three-Cornered Hat*, a merry Spanish folk tale replete with flamenco dancers. For the Toulouse Festival, the Paris Opéra reproduced the 1919 costumes, including a coquettish gown that the original first ballerina, Karsavina, deemed "a supreme masterpiece in pink silk and black lace," and a Spanish troupe danced the ballet.

Freshly reminded of Picasso's theater period, the critics have hailed its significance. Says Jean Cassou, director of Paris' Museum of Modern Art: "Picasso's theatrical works occupy a great place in his career. His whole genius, his entire work, including his still lifes, have a theatrical character."

ARCHITECTURE

Modern Medici

To most it would have seemed a stroke of calamity; to Belgian Baron Léon Lambert it was an act of providence. One wintry day in 1956, as the youthful baron's plane touched down at Brussels' airport, his brother rushed to tell him that the marble-columned 18th century mansion that had housed the venerable Banque Lambert for three generations had burned to the ground. But the old building had long since become too cramped to contain the mushrooming Lambert operation, which in the past ten years has quintupled deposits to \$203 million and added 26 branches. And the fire at last made possible the fulfillment of the baron's dream to build a modern-day *palazzo* that would not only rehouse the business but permit the family, reverting to custom, once again to live above its bank.

The dream was nine years abuilding. The site, across from King Baudouin's royal palace, was select but far too small. To make room, 17 lots had to be bought, including one occupied by a new office building. Lambert agreed with city planners that the new *palazzo* should meld with the old-world architecture of the Palais Royale—yet he wanted a contemporary design. Finally, recalling his delight at seeing Manhattan's Lever House in 1952, the Yale-educated baron chose the U.S. firm of Skidmore, Owings and Merrill, who partner in charge of design, Gordon Bunshaft, revolutionized the appearance of American banks with his glass and aluminum structure for the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Co.'s Fifth Avenue branch twelve years ago. Today it is business as usual at the new Banque Lambert, but in an airy edifice of concrete and glass (see color pages) that Brussels Architect Jean Delhayne calls "perfectly equilibrated."

Moore & Mother. More romantic and sculptural than S.O.M.'s previous designs, the block-long, nine-story concrete building looks surprisingly light, almost as if it might take flight from its



"JULY 14TH" CURTAIN
In the wings on opening night.

signing sets and costumes. Picasso, a friend of Cocteau's, was cajoled.

A few months later an audience of war-strained Parisians, prepared to be outraged by the horrors of "modern art," sighed with relief when Picasso's great curtain for the ballet *Parade* rolled down portraying a delightful procession of circus folk. But when 10-ft. figures decked out in wild cubist costumes strolled onstage, oranges started flying into the orchestra. At the ballet's conclusion, Composer Erik Satie was slapped in the face; next day the press cried "Scandal!" Diaghilev dropped *Parade*.

But for Picasso, the taste of theater was seductive. He stayed on with the Ballet Russe for eight years. He married Diaghilev's ballerina Olga Koklova, sketched the troupe as it rehearsed, painted dancers' portraits, and designed theater curtains, scenery and costumes for five more ballets—often appearing in the wings on opening night with paint and brushes to add his final touch.

debut, it occurred to him that nobody, nowhere, had yet focused exclusively on this aspect of Picasso's prodigious career. Mindful that "the biggest collector of Picassos is Picasso," Milhau sought an interview. Four months later he got in to see the painter—who turned out to be delighted with the idea: "*Bon. D'accord. C'est amusant!*" ("Good. All right. It's fun!"). The maestro scoured his scattered villas and selected 71 works, 63 of them never before exhibited. They ranged from a postage-stamp-sized cartoon to the 35 ft. by 55 ft. *July 14th* (Bastille Day) curtain commissioned by Paris' People's Theater, portraying a dead minotaur, a great human eagle carrying his victim, and an old man hearing a young boy.

Flamenco at Toulouse. Among the sketches in the show are several sly caricatures of Diaghilev, a top hat perched on his balding pate, a pince-nez trailing across his crooked countenance. There is a portrait of the ballerina Koklova, previously seen only by Picas-



BANKING PALACE IN BRUSSELS

Facing Belgium's Royal Palace, with its equestrian statue of Leopold II, rises the orderly façade of Brussels' Banque Lambert. Designed by the U.S.'s Skidmore, Owings & Merrill, the building presses its weight down through reinforced concrete columns connected by stainless-steel pinions (right). Board room (below) of family-owned bank centers on green marble table and Picasso's 1962 tapestry, *Woman at the Beach*. Ninth-floor penthouse with overlooking balcony contains private residence of 37-year-old Baron Léon Lambert who can seat 256 guests for dinner.



PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN STUCKER





ATRIUM entrance to baron's penthouse is furnished with African sculpture and drums (left), Arp's *Idol* in doorway, and triad of Giacometti's 8-ft.-tall figures.



LIBRARY with folk sculpture can be opened onto 120-ft. vista through parlor and executive dining area to distant Picasso tapestry.

huge recessed columns. The glass-enclosed first floor, given over to the main banking facilities, is topped by seven floors of private and clerical offices.

"My mother's idea," says Lambert, "was that this building should not only be an architectural landmark, but a cultural center as well." Though the Baroness Lambert died before it was completed, many of the art works are her choices. After S.O.M. designed interiors to enhance the paintings and sculptures, Bunshaft scurried about Europe in search of new acquisitions. From modest lithographs in the stenographers' offices to a massive Henry Moore sculpture in front of the bank, the collection now amounts to that of a middle-sized museum.

Bond & Bonnard. By far the most spectacular space within the building is the penthouse where the bachelor



DESIGNER BUNSHAFT
Rooms at the top.

baron, as head of the house of Lambert, lives alone. Broad reception halls and dining rooms convert from business luncheons at noon to formal dinners at night. Strolling through suites studded with Giacometti's lean bronzes, through rooms where Picassos and Mirós alternate with Bonnards and Rouaults into his big library, the baron likes to wink roguishly as he touches a hidden button that causes the book-lined wall to swing back, revealing a glass-sheathed bedroom with a sweeping view of Brussels. "It even has a James Bond touch," he quips.

Seriously, he adds: "It's time for big business to give people cultural surroundings where they work." Lambert's living there helps, of course. "It gives employees the feeling that they're not just incorporated." He makes no effort to conceal his pride in the cultural image the new bank is projecting. "I like to think," he says hopefully, "that if Lorenzo de Medici came back and saw this, he would say, 'This is the way I would do it now.'"

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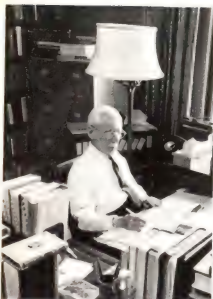
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WILL DURANT IN HIS STUDY
Out of the 18th century ...

TEACHERS

The Essence of the Centuries

In a dun-colored mansion in the Hollywood Hills, removed a scant two miles in space but at least two centuries in spirit from Hollywood and Vine, Will Durant, 79, and his wife Ariel, 67, are hurrying toward completion of their grand 40-year educational project, squeezing the essence of 110 centuries of civilization into ten books. Driven by a sense of their own mortality and the teacherly obsession to share all that they can learn, the Durants have completed Volume IX, *The Age of Voltaire*, to be published in November, and have rushed ahead of schedule on their final work, *Rousseau and the Revolution*, set for 1968.

Despite the magnitude of *The Story of Civilization*, the sprightly Durants hold a modest view of its aim. "We hope that we simplify the task of the young college student who wants to get a perspective of history," says Will. While their writers' fondness for history's more colorful characters and odd anecdotes sometimes blurs perspective, the Durants, with tireless scholarship and eloquent prose, have earned the respect of academicians even while challenging the minds of millions. Durant's 1926 *The Story of Philosophy* has sold 3,000,000 copies; the first eight volumes of *The Story of Civilization*, printed in nine languages, have each sold 200,000 copies. Few historians have ever enjoyed that kind of readership.

Advantages of Hooky. Although naturally gregarious, the Durants have largely withdrawn into their work, shunned most attempts to chronicle their own uncommon story of growth as a team. Ariel, born in Harlem of Russian immigrant parents, disliked public school and "mostly played

EDUCATION

hooky." Playing hooky one day in 1910, she spotted a school class in Central Park whose teacher "talked with the children, laughed with them, put her arm around them." Ariel followed them into their brownstone building, thus became a contented pupil in the experimental Francisco Ferrer School. One day a substitute teacher took her class. "He had some pimples and he talked through his nose," Ariel mimicked him in class, was ordered to stay after school—and met the new teacher, Will Durant.

Instead of scolding her, Durant pleaded that a substitute teacher needed cooperation, not ridicule. His French Canadian parents, neither of whom had ever attended school, had sent him to a Jesuit seminary. There he found Spinoza's *Ethics* in the library. "I hid it under books by St. Thomas Aquinas and other theologians and clandestinely read it," Durant recalls. Its pantheistic philosophy turned him against a clerical life. His prophetic first try at a public lecture, entitled *How History Should Be Written*, impressed a wealthy patron of the arts named Alden Freeman, who asked Durant to "meet me in Moscow" for a year's tour of Asia and Europe, helped finance his studies in philosophy and biology at Columbia University.

A Bride of 15. He was just back from the trip when he met Ariel, then 14. Durant was "almost twice her age—but I was ripe to be impressed. I was beginning to feel the need of vitality and vivacity, and she was just the symbol and summary of life." Recalls Ariel: "I was his *tabula rasa*. I was blank. He could write from the beginning. I became the ears that listened to him, and later, I hope, something more." The next year, over the objections of Ariel's father and a municipal judge who called Durant "a cradle robber" before granting the necessary legal consent, they were married. Ariel came to the ceremony with her roller skates slung over her shoulder.

Ariel has indeed become far more than a listener. Her research and organizational talents are a key to the Durants' steady pace. She works in a littered, beamed-ceiling study on the first floor of their aging Spanish-style house, which has possums and raccoons living in the walls. He labors under a stained glass skylight in a huge second floor room lined wall to wall with books.

They tackle each volume by scanning about 500 books, noting pertinent citations on green slips. Significant ideas and comments are recorded on white pads. Then in Ariel's study they compose an outline. "We argue rather viciously at times," says Durant, "and Mrs. Durant wins at least as often as I do." She checks Durant's tendency to romanticize women's role in history. He confesses that he felt "electric vibrations" when he met Actress Sophia Lo-



ARIEL DURANT IN HER STUDY
... into a honeymoon.

ren and tends to "fall in love with, say, Queen Elizabeth the First or Catherine the Second."

The notes are strung vertically in order beside a drafting board resting across the arms of Durant's rocking chair. There, swaying gently and munching peanuts for protein, he consults the notes and keyed reference books, writes with a ballpoint pen, in a spiral-bound notebook, aims at 250 words daily.

The Durants live by the clock, work from 8 in the morning to 10 p.m., bedtime, seven days a week. Except for summertime visits to Hollywood Bowl concerts, they break only for an after-lunch nap and a mid-afternoon hike. They stride past their sign reading **WARE OF DOG** (they have no dog), follow a never-varying, mile-long route.

The Discovery of Ignorance. Durant's step is still as sprightly as his wit, but he is conscious of his years. "In my youth," he says, "I stressed freedom, and in my old age I stress order. I have made the great discovery that liberty is a product of order." He thus argues that U.S. education could stand "a little more authority and discipline." Yet, always wryly optimistic, he predicts that "the children of the children who disturb our university presidents today will probably be very cautious and decent reactionaries." As for the ultimate questions that history and philosophy pose, Durant says: "Sixty years ago I knew everything. Now I know nothing. Education is a progressive discovery of our own ignorance."

Durant insists that Ariel could finish their work alone; she is convinced that she "couldn't do it at all." Certainly the aphorisms that flow from Durant's pen give their work much of its flavor. "A nation is born Stoic, dies Epicurean," he has written. Or "nothing is new ex-

cept arrangement": "the world wisely prefers happiness to wisdom"; and, perhaps self-consciously, "literary immortality is but a moment in geological time."

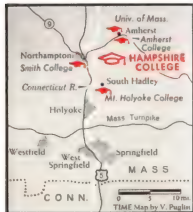
Civilization, for the Durants, will end with the 18th century. "The pep is failing," explains Durant. "I would be unwise to attempt the magnificent 19th century on these depleted resources." Moments later, grinning puckishly, his optimism re-emerges. "I have promised Ariel," he says, "that when the job is finished I shall take her on a ten-year honeymoon—making sure, of course, to bring my crutches."

COLLEGES

The School with Four Parents

Tucked away in western Massachusetts are four of the better U.S. colleges: Smith, Mount Holyoke, Amherst and the University of Massachusetts. They have increasingly clung together and shared services in an attempt to raise quality while holding down costs. Last week, pursuing the same goal, they announced that they would create a fifth partner, Hampshire College, to rise on 300 acres of open country, roughly five miles from each of the others.

The aim of the coeducational college, scheduled to open with 250 freshmen in 1969, is to demonstrate that a new school can be small, good and low in cost by drawing upon the faculty, library and various central services of its well-established neighbors. The presidents of the four parent schools will be the trustees of Hampshire, which will resist such frills as intercollegiate athletics, fraternities and off-beat courses. Although the actual cost of its initial plant is still uncertain, Hampshire's start is assured by a \$6,000,000 pledge from Harold F. Johnson, 69, a retired international lawyer who was president of Amherst's student council in 1918. While the school hopes to keep operating costs low, thus making a big endowment unnecessary, students will hardly feel the difference. Tuition and board will be about \$3,000 a year—roughly equal to what most of the parent schools expect to be charging four years from now.



COFFEE BREAK AT SCHLOSS LEOPOLDSKRON

Left behind: hand grenades and the U.S. knowledge gap.

EDUCATION ABROAD

Americana at Salzburg

A Glasgow youth with a Scottish burr sat in an Oxford college common room, impressing English listeners with his knowledge of U.S. politics. He even cited presidential election statistics in key Midwestern districts. "Where did you study in the States?" he was asked. "I've not been to the States," he replied. "But I've been to Salzburg."

That was enough. The Salzburg Seminar in American Studies has become widely renowned among European scholars, journalists and rising bureaucrats as one of the liveliest and most respected educational experiences available. Launched in 1947 by a group of Harvard students appalled at the lack of knowledge in Europe about U.S. institutions, it now has turned out some 5,000 graduates, will conduct its 100th seminar next month.

Unpaid Faculty. Such intellectuals as Harvard's President Emeritus James B. Conant, Historians Henry Steele Commager and Richard Holstadter, Anthropologist Margaret Mead and Economist Walt W. Rostow have voluntarily served on the Salzburg faculty without pay. Seminar topics are U.S. art and culture, the political, economic and social structure, education, and—every year without fail—"American Law and Legal Institutions."

European schools, plus increased travel, have somewhat faded the knowledge gap about the U.S., but Salzburg's free-wheeling atmosphere still conveys a vital sense of the mood that motivates education in America. "For the first time in my whole six years of higher education, I've had a chance to talk to a professor man to man," recalls one Salzburg graduate, accustomed to Europe's academic formality. Opinions flow so freely at

Salzburg that a Yugoslav seminarian once pulled a knife on an Italian. By contrast, a Norwegian fellow spotted a German at whom he had thrown a hand grenade during World War II, and they became intellectual buddies.

Double Trial. Salzburg draws its fellows largely from rising professional people and civil servants in 15 countries. Tips come from alumni and ministerial or educational authorities. The present 54-man Seminar, on U.S. law, includes three West German judges and seven women; Federal Judge John Minor Wisdom of the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans is one of the teachers. Each student pays \$80, but the Salzburg Corporation estimates that it spends some \$500 on each student, gets the difference from the Rockefeller, Ford, Kellogg, Commonwealth and Avalon Foundations, plus private U.S. corporations and individual donors. Some 45 lectures are jammed into each four weeks, followed by afternoon talkfests in which the lectures are expanded or shredded. A main attraction is a 15,000-volume library of Americana.

Last week in the Seminar's roocoed 18th century castle, Schloss Leopoldskron, Judge Wisdom presided over a mock American-style retrial of the real-life 1934 case of Alice Wynkoop, an Illinois woman physician accused of murder in the chloroform and shooting death of her daughter-in-law. Two German judges and a lawyer civil servant then conducted the same case under German trial procedure. Under both systems, Seminar juries found Dr. Wynkoop innocent of murder, although the German trial ended in a manslaughter conviction. Dr. Wynkoop would have much preferred Salzburg's sense of justice. A Cook County jury found her guilty of murder, and she served nearly 14 years in prison.

SPORT

TENNIS

The Ace

The Mexicans were exultant. The draw for the first match in the Davis Cup zone finals in Dallas two weeks ago paired their most experienced player, Rafael Osuna, 26, against the least experienced U.S. player, U.C.L.A. Tennis Star Arthur Ashe, 22. "It is exactly what we wanted," crowed Mexican Captain Pancho Contreras. "Winning the first match is a psychological advantage!"

Ashe thought so too. Unleashing the strongest serve in U.S. amateur tennis, Ashe aced the abashed Osuna 15 times, volleyed with unerring accuracy, and walloped his opponent 6-2, 6-3, 9-7. Beamed U.S. Team Captain George McCall: "Today Arthur became a man. He was under terrific pressure, and he came through."

Two days later, Ashe did it again—this time at the expense of Mexico's Antonio Palafox, 29. He aced the Mexican twelve times, winning one game on four consecutive perfect serves. Fittingly, Ashe's 6-1, 6-4, 6-4 victory over Palafox clinched the zone championship for the U.S. "It was his booming serve," lamented Palafox, "I tried to break his concentration, but I couldn't do it."

How He Grew. Ashe's dramatic triumphs established him as the most promising young U.S. player in years. A policeman's son, he was born in Richmond, Va., grew up only a few yards from a tennis court, where he started hitting tennis balls around as soon as he was able to hold a racket. In 1953, a Lynchburg physician, Walter Johnson,



ASHE IN AMERICAN ZONE FINALS
One game took four serves.



MINNESOTA'S KILLEBREW WITH INFLATED SPLINT
Five injuries made little difference.

spotted Ashe as a potentially fine player. Dr. Johnson knows his tennis talent. It was he who helped steer Althea Gibson (TIME cover, Aug. 26, 1957) to the top.

Johnson arranged for Ashe to go to high school in St. Louis, where he could get intensive tennis training, then eased him onto the tournament circuit. In 1960 and 1961, Ashe won the National Junior Indoor championship, in 1961 the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association's Interscholastic title, and in 1963 the U.S. Men's Hard Court championship. He was ranked sixth nationally in 1963 and was made a freshman member of the U.S. Davis Cup team. He did not see much cup action, but under Davis Cup Coach Pancho Gonzales, he has so improved his control that he is now rated the third best amateur in the U.S., after Dennis Ralston and Chuck McKinley.

What They Want. Ashe is a fourth-year scholarship student in business administration at U.C.L.A., moves in the world of spotlight U.S. tennis with charm and infectious good cheer. "If it were left up to me," he says, "I wouldn't feel anything about being the first Negro on the Davis Cup team. But I am asked about it all the time, so naturally, I am conscious of it. Of course, I know I was wanted on the team because I was needed. If I weren't needed, perhaps the atmosphere would be different." His teammates couldn't care less about Ashe's color. They wanted a winner—and that's what he is.

BASEBALL

Wounded but Winning

Minnesota Twins Manager Sam Mele felt pretty much like that great *Peanuts* Pitcher-Manager Charlie Brown after a hard day on the mound. Outfielder Bob Allison was playing with a hair-line fracture of the right wrist. Outfielder Tony Oliva was nursing a chipped knuckle in his right hand. Catcher Earl Battey had a strained back. Worse still, Ace Pitcher Camilo Pascual had to go to the hospital for surgery on torn muscles

in his right arm pit. And then, last week—good grief! First Baseman Harmon Killebrew, Mele's star player—he is tied for the league lead in home runs (22) and third in runs batted in (70)—collided with a base runner and dislocated his left elbow. Killebrew's arm was encased in an inflatable plastic splint, and arm and the man are expected to be out of action for at least two weeks.

What effect have all those injuries had on the Twins? So far, almost none. Substitutes have played like regulars: the Twins have won ten of their last twelve games, and at week's end were still leading the league. Says Manager Mele proudly: "No club in the history of baseball, not even the champion Yankees of two years ago, when both Mantle and Maris were injured, have experienced the hardships the Twins have fought through this season. But each day a different guy picks us up. I hope and expect it will continue."

So do baseball's most cynical observers. Despite the Twins' casualty list, Las Vegas bookmakers have refused to change the odds. The Minnesota club is a solid 3-to-5 favorite to win the American League pennant.

TRACK & FIELD

Why They Lost

"It's no fun being the coach of the only team that ever lost to the Russians," grouched U.S. Track Coach Brutus Hamilton. He was bemoaning the fact that the U.S. men's team, which has whipped the Soviets in dual track meets for six years in a row, was tipped over by the Russians, in Kiev last week, 118-112.

Post-meet analysis naturally produced a variety of explanations for the poor showing. Many American coaches criticized the Amateur Athletic Union for allowing members of the U.S. team to compete in track meets throughout Europe before going on to Kiev. Along the way, Olympic 5,000-meter Champion Bob Schul caught a cold that so weak-

ened him that he lost to 35-year-old Pyotr Bolotnikov. Another outstanding U.S. distance runner, 19-year-old Gerry Ingren, got tonsillitis and finished third in the 10,000-meter race.

A.A.U. men complained that the U.S. team had been sabotaged by the National Collegiate Athletic Association. The N.C.A.A., which controls college-level athletics, had forbidden collegiate athletes to participate in the A.A.U. meet in June, when the team was selected for the Soviet meet. As a result, several star college runners were absent from the U.S. team, and those who defied the N.C.A.A. ban and competed anyhow were worried about possible N.C.A.A. reprisals. Says St. John's University's Half-Miler Tommy Farrell: "There are always distractions and damage to morale when your country's sports officials are divided."

The chief Soviet track coach, Gavril Korobkov, had an explanation, too. The Americans, he said, were overconfident after the decisive U.S. victory in the 1964 dual meet and the poor Soviet performances in the Tokyo Olympics that followed. There was something to that. In Kiev, the U.S. men's sprint relay team had practiced passing the baton for only two hours prior to the meet. Not surprisingly, it bobbed an exchange in the race and was disqualified.

The ineptness in the U.S. defeat tended to overlook perhaps the most significant fact. The Russians have simply gotten better in recent years. They improved measurably in the sprints and pole vault, and regained their superiority in the distances. And, as usual, their women beat the less-experienced U.S. women. Brutus Hamilton was only the first U.S. coach to lose a meet to the Russians.

AUTO RACING

The One That Was Missing

Jim Clark had won 18 Grand Prix races and the Indianapolis 500, but one great event had always defied him. It was the German Grand Prix, a murderous gearbox-busting nightmare of 14.2 miles and 174 curves around the Nürburgring, 30 miles southwest of Bonn. In four consecutive years, Clark tried and failed there. This year he wanted to take the German Grand Prix more than ever. He had already won five Grand Prix races this season, and a victory at Nürburgring would make him the first driver in history to win the world championship so early in the season.

When the starter's flag whished down last week, Clark roared off in his dark green Lotus, leaving the other 18 cars in exhaust fumes. Driving with superb skill, he powerslid through some curves, on others clipped the inside edge of the track, raising small puffs of dust. At the end of the first lap, he was already 135 yds. in front, and there he stayed. He set a new lap record on the first go-

around (98.7 m.p.h.), then successively improved it on the next two laps (100.4 m.p.h.), broke it again on the tenth (101.1 m.p.h.). Sensing that they were witnessing a truly masterly conquest, the 300,000 spectators cheered tumultuously whenever Clark whizzed past.

The little Scot covered the 15 laps in a record 99.79 m.p.h., swept to the finish about one-half mile in front of Graham Hill's B.R.M. and Dan Gurney's Brabham. Gulping champagne from the winner's trophy, the normally unemotional Clark crowed: "I'm happy as a king! This was the one that was missing! I am the world champion!"

FOOTBALL

What Might Have Been

No one really expected the College All-Stars to beat the mighty Cleveland Browns in last week's game at Chicago's Soldier Field. After all, the All-Stars were only inexperienced rookies who had practiced together a mere three weeks before taking on the seasoned

Huarte (pronounced *Hew-art*), 22, last year's Heisman Trophy winner. In a matter of seconds, the 68,000 spectators were sitting up and beginning to wonder who was the pro and who the amateur. Calmly sidestepping blitzing Brown linebackers, Huarte effortlessly picked apart the Cleveland pass defense. In one spectacular stretch in the third quarter, he completed six consecutive passes, moved the All-Stars 80 yds. for their first touchdown. The next time he got the ball, he did it again. The score: Browns 24, All-Stars 16. Thoroughly alarmed, the Browns got the ball in the remaining four minutes of the game, held onto it for dear life till the clock ran out.

As newsmen rushed into the All-Star dressing room after the game, Coach Graham held up both hands in mock surrender. "I know what question you're going to ask. Why didn't I put Huarte in sooner? Well, that's the way we had them listed: Staubach, Morton, Huarte. But I'll be second-guessed about this for months." Even years, maybe.

LEE SALTHERMAN—SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



THE ALL-STARS' HUARTE (NO. 7) PREPARING TO PASS
Who was pro? Who was amateur?

National Football League champions.

For the first 21 periods, the game—played in a soaking rain—lived up to expectations. Though not nearly so sharp as usual, the Browns nevertheless displayed massive power and diversity, scoring by ground, by pass and, in a pinch, by a field goal off the talented toe of ancient (41) Lou Groza. The All-Star offense was buried under about one ton of Brown linemen and linebackers. Navy's famed Roger Staubach, the starting quarterback, was helped off the field in the second quarter with a dislocated shoulder. His replacement, California's Craig Morton, completed only two passes for a total of 9 yds. The All-Stars dragged behind the Cleveland Browns 24-3.

Then Coach Otto Graham sent in a new quarterback—Notre Dame's John

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Kelso: the \$54,400 Whitney Stakes, edging out Malicious by a nose and increasing the great gelding's record earnings to \$1,954,144; at Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

► Belgium's Gaston Roelants, 28: the 3,000-meter steeplechase in 8 min. 26.4 sec., clipping an impressive 3.2 sec. off his own 1963 world record; in Brussels.

► Jack Nicklaus, 25: the Thunderbird Classic golf tournament with an 18-under-par 270 for the 72 holes, over Gary Player (272) and Gardner Dickinson (275), raising his official 1965 winnings by \$20,000 to \$89,700—a full \$31,000 more than any other professional golfer; at the Westchester Country Club, Harrison, N.Y.

SPACE

Soft Landing on Hard Ground

The unmanned Gemini capsule that descended on the desolate scrub outside Fort Hood, Texas, had not even come close to orbit. It had simply been carried aloft by an Air Force C-119 transport and cut loose at the relatively low altitude of 11,000 ft. But the prosaic flight was an effort to answer important questions: Can capsules such as Gemini be brought down to soft landings on hard ground, and can future astronauts be given any control over the point of impact? To both questions the answer was an impressive yes.

Moments after the capsule was dropped from the C-119, a small drogue parachute opened to keep the spaceship from tumbling. Then a larger chute yanked loose the cover of a container, letting a 70-ft., red-white-and-blue "parasail" spill out in rippling folds.

Surface Slots. On the ground, Lee Norman, NASA parasail-project engineer, sat at his instrument panel, performing functions by remote control that might have been handled by on-board astronauts. With remarkable ease, Norman sailed his descending craft forward and back, left and right, like a pilot looking for a place to land. Control was maintained by pulling on shroud lines that closed or opened slots around the surface of the parasail. With slots closed on one side, air spilled out the other, acting, in effect, as an inefficient jet engine, shoving the chute and its cargo toward the closed side.

For five minutes the capsule dropped. Then, while it was still some 12 ft. in

the air, a long sensing probe hanging from its belly made contact with the ground. The sensor automatically fired two small braking rockets about the size of portable fire extinguishers. With a resounding bang and a thick cloud of grey smoke, the capsule touched down on a tricycle landing gear similar to a set of small water skis.

The success of the parasail, after two earlier failures, has not prompted NASA to make any plans for bringing future Gemini flights down on land. Gemini V, scheduled to go up next week, will end up bobbing in the sea like all the others.

Sense of Secrecy. There is good geographical reason for the decision. U.S. spaceships are over water as soon as they take off from Cape Kennedy; they must be equipped for emergency water landings anyway. To add parasail equipment would take up valuable weight and space. Russian engineers, on the other hand, launch their spacecraft over broad stretches of land; thus they have concentrated on ground landings. Besides, the Soviet sense of secrecy makes them want to bring down their capsules on Soviet soil, not international waters.

In the U.S. the new parasail offers the most immediate promise for the Manned Orbiting Laboratory (TIME, Aug. 6) which will bring back a capsuleful of secret scientific and military data.

TECHNOLOGY

Stethoscope for Jet Engines

From the earliest days of aviation, when the whistle of wind in guy wires gave the trained pilot as much information as his eyes, airmen have relied on their ears to recognize the sounds of trouble. Now the roar and whine of modern jets make it hard for the human ear to detect anything but the most obvious trouble. And by then it may be too late. To give pilots and

maintenance a boost, General Electric is developing a sonic analyzer that can be applied to jet engines much as a physician's stethoscope is applied to the human chest. A trained and sensitive electronic ear, it listens for malfunctions and locates trouble spots.

What the analyzer does is to compare an engine's sounds with what those sounds ought to be. The taped sounds are fed to a computer, which translates their complex wave shapes into the language of binary numbers and then works out a program for the analyzer. The analyzer has been "taught" to read that language and recognize normal and abnormal noises in the functioning of specific engine parts. All a mechanic has to do is hold the analyzer's microphone near a roaring engine. In seconds, the little apparatus will flash a light indicating "no failure" or if there is trouble, signal its location.

For its prototype, G.E. recorded and encoded the sounds of normal engines in U.S. Navy Phantom and Vigilante aircraft along with 62 separate malfunctions. A portable version of the analyzer, which should be in use by next year, could easily be adapted for work on automobile engines on industrial assembly lines.

SEISMOLOGY

Nuclear Listening Post

When the nuclear powers negotiated a test ban treaty in 1963, they were forced to confine their agreement to atmospheric testing. On-the-spot inspections of underground tests were politically unacceptable to the Russians, and remote monitoring by seismographs was considered unreliable. The trouble was, some explosions were likely to go undetected, and low-yield tests, when they were recorded, could not be reliably distinguished from earthquakes. But now, as negotiators are getting back to business again in Geneva, a new element has entered the argument. The U.S. is putting the finishing touches on an ultrasensitive seismic listening post that should enable scientists to refine their capability of detecting, locating and identifying underground bomb explosions.

Built on the prairies of Montana by the Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency, the \$10 mil-



PARASAIL OPENED

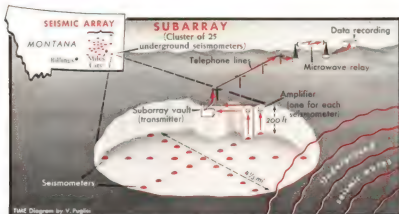


RETRO-ROCKETS FIRING



CAPSULE AFTER LANDING

Rippling folds, a touch of the sensor, and a cloud of grey smoke.



tion detection facility will go into full operation this fall. Spread out in a giant circle 125 miles in diameter near Miles City, the apparatus consists of 525 seismometers buried 200 ft. deep. They are arranged in 21 smaller circles, each 4 1/2 miles in diameter and each as sensitive as the best seismic array the U.S. has built to date.

Poolroom Processing. Modern seismometers have such good ears that they must be buried deep in relatively uninhabited areas to be as free as possible from the surface noises of wind, rain, traffic and grazing cattle. Known as IASA, for Large Aperture Seismic Array, the Montana system was laid out to get the best possible signal-to-noise ratio; it promises to provide a twentyfold improvement in the U.S.'s ability to detect seismic signals. With so many instruments spaced so far apart, it will also be possible to trace the direction and distance of an incoming signal because it will be received by all sensors at slightly different times. Though its potential detection capability is still unknown to scientists, the practical extent of the improvements will be checked in the next few months when LASA will be used to record and analyze signals from known earthquakes and known nuclear blasts.

In each cluster, the Montana seismometers are set like spokes in a wheel, and at the center of each wheel is a small vault housing instruments for collecting the seismic signals. After the signals are picked up and amplified, they are translated into digital data and transmitted over telephone lines and radio to a data-processing center in a converted poolroom 140 miles away in Billings. The signals are eventually sent to M.I.T.'s Lincoln Laboratory in Lexington, Mass., where computers are programmed to determine more precisely the source and direction of the vibrations and whether they were caused by an earthquake or a nuclear explosion.

Often on Sunday. Even with IASA, it may not always be easy to tell where every signal comes from; it would take several similar arrays positioned around the world to provide a system equal to the difficult task of accurately locating and identifying blasts. Neither does

LASA guarantee that scientists can tell the difference between some earthquakes and some nuclear blasts. But the computers have a variety of valuable information built in to help them. They are set to label automatically as earthquakes any tremors coming from places with no nuclear capability. And a seismic wave definitely shown to originate from deeper in the earth than it would be practical for man to dig will also be classified as non-atomic.

The timing of the tremor can also be indicative; scientists have a habit of scheduling tests with clockwork precision. "The way to tell a bomb from an earthquake," says Lincoln Lab's Paul E. Green only half facetiously, "is if it goes on the even minute of an even hour. And if it's Sunday, you know it's either a Soviet or a Chinese bomb."

ASTRONOMY

Parting the Veil of Venus

Astronomers now believe that they have penetrated the veil of clouds enveloping that mysterious lady Venus. In the *Astrophysical Journal*, a pair of planet watchers using the equipment at Caltech's Owens Valley Radio Observatory announced that they have made what is probably the first direct observations of the planet's surface, and found it, as expected, dry and extremely hot. They measured temperatures up to a maximum of 675°F. at the equator and a minimum of 300° at the poles—far too hot for any known form of life.

How do they know they have studied Venus and not its veil? Dr. Barry Clark of the National Radio Observatory at Green Bank, W.Va., and Dr. Arkady Kuzmin of Moscow's Lebedev Institute of Physics explained that the thermal radiations they observed from Venus seemed to come from a solid surface. Moreover, Caltech's two big-dish antennas found the planet's actual diameter to be less than the 7,655-mile span that is observed optically. As a result, the astronomers assume that they have measured the planet itself and that the dense cloud covering is at least 40 miles thick, twice as thick as the cloud deck surrounding Earth.

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MUSIC

OPERA

Tenor in Whiteface

In the dressing rooms of the Santa Fe Opera last week, the Metropolitan Opera's George Shirley daubed his face with a pinkish cream, molded layers of face putty across his high cheekbones and along his nose. The makeup had nothing to do with his role in the U.S. premiere of Hans Werner Henze's *The Stag King*. It is a ritual that Shirley, 31, performs before every opera, a mask to disguise one of his real-life characteristics—that he is a Negro.

Atonal Dream. Shirley is far from embarrassed about his race, but he is a tenor, and therein lies the problem. In recent years, Negro basses and baritones have been accepted on the opera stage in large measure because the parts available to them are almost exclusively character roles. Tenors, on the other hand, are nearly always the romantic leads, and despite the increasing liberality of audiences, explains Shirley, "they don't like the lover of a white girl played by a Negro, make-believe or not." Lest this sensitivity detract from the impact of the opera, Shirley dons his whiteface and proceeds as a most cautious paramour, careful of his touch, suggesting rather than executing an embrace.

In *The Stag King*, a kind of atonal *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, the night belonged to Shirley, costumed in an oversized crown and half mask. An instinctively gifted actor, he also displayed a lyrical, handsomely rounded voice, which prompted one Manhattan critic to declare: "Here, at last, is a tenor who might some day aspire to the

supreme place still occupied by Richard Tucker." Though Henze's modernist fantasy was received with some eyebrow-raising by the Santa Fe audience, Shirley drew a rousing enthusiastic ovation.

Out of the Chorus. As with most Negro opera singers, Shirley's vocal talents were developed in the choir loft, initially in St. John's African Methodist Episcopal Church in his native Indianapolis, and later in Detroit, where at 13 he sold papers to pay for his first private lessons. Son of an insurance agent, Shirley graduated from Wayne State University in 1955 with a degree in music education, taught at a Detroit high school for a year before being drafted into the Army. After singing with the Army chorus for three years, he moved to Manhattan, where his rise to prominence was nothing short of meteoric. In 1961 he won the Metropolitan Opera Auditions, made his Met debut in *Cost Fan Tutte* as a last-minute substitute for an ailing tenor, and was promptly acclaimed the find of the season. In the years since, he has sung leading roles in *Madame Butterfly*, *Simon Boccanegra* and *La Traviata*, next season will portray Count Almaviva in *The Barber of Seville*. "Fifteen years ago," says Shirley, "I probably wouldn't have been accepted by the Met. Ten years ago, I couldn't sing my favorite roles. Times are changing."

CELLISTS

Midsummer Marathon

He came on the stage of London's Royal Festival Hall like a subway commuter at rush hour. Briskly threading his way through the orchestra, he plopped down on his chair, tossed a quick glance at the conductor and began to play—so abruptly that he took the audience by surprise. Head bobbing, lips pursed in concentration, he embraced his cello bear-hug fashion and sawed away with the workaday look of a man slicing bread.

But what came out was a freshest of lush sound that exploited the limits of the instrument's capabilities. At 38, Mstislav Rostropovich is ranked by many critics as the foremost heir to the mantle of Pablo Casals, now 88. More impetuous than the visionary Casals, Rostropovich's attack is charged with a propulsive urgency, his singing tone more darkly burnished.

From Memory. Though a silent, pale, frail-looking man, Rostropovich is the iron man of the concert circuit. Periodically, like a compulsive mountain climber, he seems compelled to tackle great chunks of the cello repertoire simply because it is there. In eleven concerts in Moscow last winter, he accomplished the unparalleled feat of playing 41 different works, virtually the entire repertoire for cello and orchestra, all from memory.



ROSTROPOVICH IN LONDON
Overflowing with lush sound.

Last week's performance in London was the finale of a one-man festival of nine concerts, in which he performed 31 works in 35 days. Marvelled one critic: "The experience becomes almost frightening in its intensity. It is as though he is so full of music that he cannot resist pouring out more and more."

Highlight of the concert was Benjamin Britten's entrancing *Symphony for Cello and Orchestra*. The work is one of three that Britten has composed for the cellist since they became fast friends five years ago. At concert's end, the audience was ecstatic. And so was Rostropovich, alternately applauding the audience, Conductor Gennadi Rozhdestvensky, the London Symphony and Britten, who was sitting in a box with Leonard Bernstein. At the insistence of the audience, Britten left his box to conduct an encore.

Line of Teachers. An indefatigable crusader for the enrichment of the scant cello repertoire, Rostropovich has induced several other composers to create for the cello. Prokofiev and Shostakovich both wrote works for him. Born in Baku, Russia, Rostropovich was virtually weaned on cello music; his grandfather and father, who studied under Casals, were noted teachers of the instrument. When the family moved to Moscow, Rostropovich joined his father's class at the Children's Music School, began teaching on his own at 15. At 19 he was appointed soloist with the Moscow Philharmonic, played in a trio with the famed Russian virtuoso, Pianist Emil Gilels and Violinist Leonid Kogan.

Rostropovich is also an accomplished pianist: between his heavy schedule of appearances this summer, he accompanied his wife, Bolshoi Opera Soprano Galina Vishnevskaya, at several recitals throughout England. Leaving London last week, Rostropovich explained that he was off for a month-long holiday in Armenia with his wife and Britten. "It's my first vacation in ten years," he said. Even an iron man is entitled to that.



SHIRLEY IN "THE STAG KING"
Underplaying the paramour.

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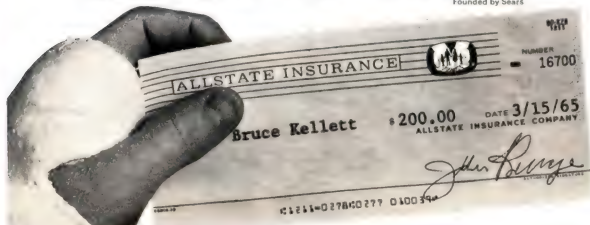
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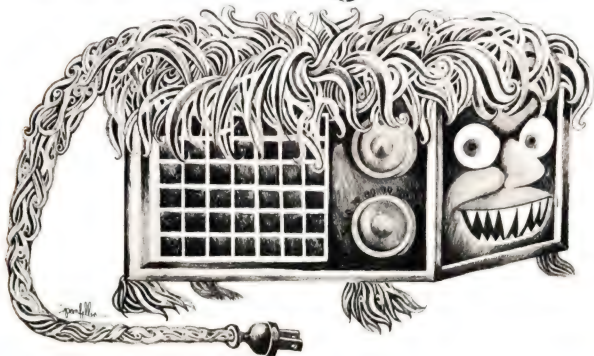
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MEDICINE

INFECTIOUS DISEASES

Syphilis & the Young

Syphilis continues to increase alarmingly in the U.S., especially among teenagers and young adults. The number of infectious cases newly reported last year, announced the U.S. Public Health Service's Communicable Disease Center, came to 23,000—the highest number since 1950 and a shocking contrast with the low of 6,400 in 1956. Almost half the new cases were among teen-agers and young adults: 3,600 in the 15-19 age group and 6,500 aged 20-24.

The overall 1964 syphilis incidence rate for the U.S. was 12 cases per 100,000, but there were wide local variations. The District of Columbia was the nation's VD capital with a rate of 87. Other high rates: Florida, 36; South Carolina, 35; Georgia, 27; North Carolina, 23. C.D.C. noted that increases reported from a particular area may result partly from better detection and reporting of cases. Mississippi reported a rate of only 16 per 100,000 and Virginia 7; New York reported 21, and Illinois only 11. One state reported none: North Dakota.

DENTISTRY

Replacing Teeth with Plastic

Dentists as well as their patients have long dreamed of the day when a pulled tooth could be replaced by another in the same operation. But so far, only a patient's own teeth have worked well when thus transplanted, and rare is the patient who happens to have a surplus tooth handy just when it is needed. Now Brown University's Dr. Milton Hodosh reports encouraging progress with plastic implants, molded to the aching jaw as soon as the offending tooth has been pulled. To make sure that the implants will stand up under any conceivable strain, he is installing them in baboons, which think nothing of trying to chew the steel bars of their cages.

Humans First. Dental Surgeon Hodosh got the idea for implanting plastic teeth seven years ago and proposed a pilot study to authorities at Rhode Island Hospital in Providence. Ordinarily such research would begin with animals, but there was no money available for such a cautious start. Dr. Hodosh enlisted 25 human volunteers.

Satisfied that a plastic called polymethylmethacrylate would be harmless and would form a good, strong tooth, he made molds of extracted teeth on the spot and filled the molds with plastic. After baking for about 15 minutes in a 500° oven, a tooth was rockhard, ready to be sandblasted smooth, sterilized and put into the gaping socket in the patient's mouth. There Dr. Hodosh fastened it in place—sometimes by a pin through adjacent bone, sometimes by a bridge attachment to neighboring teeth.

Some of those first implants are still going strong. But there have also been some failures, and with a series of grants from the National Institute of Dental Research, Dr. Hodosh has turned to animals to find out why. With Veterinarian Morris Povar and Pathologist Gerald Shklar, he has placed 125 implants in the mouths of monkeys and baboons.

Chewed-Up Steel. Dentistry on the vicious and powerful baboon is quite a trick. The beast is first squeezed into the bottom of a special cage, where it gets a heavy injection of tranquilizer. Then it can be hauled off to the operating table, where anesthetic is given as needed. As in human patients, new membrane forms around the implanted tooth, Dr.

ed disadvantage: when the patient recovers, he will have suffered permanent loss of feeling in the affected part of his body. Now an imaginative University of Chicago neurosurgeon has devised a way to achieve the desired relief of pain by a relatively minor operation under a local anesthetic. His method also permits the numbed area to regain sensation after about six months.

Dr. Sean F. Mullan begins with a simple injection of anesthetic into the side of the neck, just below the skull—one place where the spinal cord and its multiplex nerve cables are not completely encased in bone. Then he inserts a hollow, stainless-steel needle, only one hundredth of an inch in diameter, and guides the needle toward the nerves he wants to deaden with the aid of instant X rays that an assistant hands to him



DRS. HODOSH & POVAR WITH BABOON PATIENT
Bake for 15 minutes in a 500° oven.

Hodosh reports, with no sign so far of inflammatory or cancerous reactions.

As positive evidence that the plastic teeth will hold up, the researchers exhibit a steel laboratory tray chewed into a shapeless mass by a baboon who did no damage to his implants in the process. Another baboon has three plastic implants supporting a two-tooth bridge in the front of his lower jaw; he has worn down the artificial teeth from savage chewing on metal caging, but they have not loosened. Not until his animal research is finished will Dr. Hodosh go back to making implants in human mouths.

NEUROSURGERY

Electrical Relief of Pain

When pain becomes so severe that doctors call it "intractable," they mean that it cannot be controlled by any safe and simple dosage of drugs. Even the most severe pain can usually be alleviated by cutting the appropriate nerve fibers in the spinal cord, but this in itself is considered major surgery, and too drastic an operation for some patients. The cord-cutting procedure has an addi-

every ten seconds. One group of nerve fibers in the spinal cord serves the legs, another the trunk, and a third the arms. When the tip of the hollow needle is in about the right place, Neurosurgeon Mullan blows in a little air, then a radiopaque dye, so that the final, precise positioning will show on the X rays.

Satisfied that the needle's tip has found its mark, Dr. Mullan sends a weak, 4-volt current through it for about ten minutes. During this time he checks the painful areas with repeated pinpricks, and the still-conscious patient reports to the surgeon when he can no longer feel the pin.

Although none of the spinal cord is literally cut, the effect is temporarily the same: some nerve fibers are killed, and others are so damaged by the electric current that they take months to revive. More than half of the first 250 patients treated by Dr. Mullan with his new technique have been in the final stages of cancer. For others, suffering from shingles, some forms of arthritis, and nerve damage resulting from injuries, relief has lasted an average of six months. If and when the pain returns, the operation can be repeated.

THE PRESS

MAGAZINES

The Fashion Beat

With a "College Board" of some 1,500 girls who spend their spare time contributing news of campus fads and fashions, the fashion magazine *Mademoiselle* may well boast one of the largest unpaid reportorial staffs in the publishing world. The only reward for correspondents comes each spring, when 20 of the comeliest and most conscientious are entertained and photographed in New York and then packed off for a week's gaiety in Europe.

Mademoiselle's companion magazine *Glamour* also imports vacationing collegians to help promote the August college issue—though *Glamour's* girls are selected solely on the basis of their

piled up in a conference room and scrutinized. The editors mince no words as they cast baleful eyes on the goods: "Oh, no," "Ghastly," "How horrible." Often they suggest one less button or one more pleat. Eventually, they winnow out the styles that appeal to them; then go off to persuade manufacturers to make the changes and stores to stock the clothes. Since the merchandise cannot be shown in the magazine until the stores are lined up, the editors often become as aggressive as any Seventh Avenue salesman.

Cigar with Boots. While *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* are still the sophisticated pacesetters in the adult fashion world, offering far-out styles at far-out prices, the three younger magazines appeal to an ever-growing group of less

1,226,000. "Like we would not show a girl in a bathing suit at the shore with a cigar in her mouth, and boots," says *Glamour's* Editor in Chief Kathleen Casey.

Seventeen features pubescent models and a coy vocabulary. With a little effort, the magazine contends, any ugly duckling can end up with a "dream dress," a "dream complexion," a "dream date." In the language of the trade, *Seventeen* is a "how-to" magazine; it tells how to cook shish kebabs, how to jazz up a bedroom, how to avoid going too far with a boy friend.

Advice from Men. Although they focus on fashion, the magazines are not content merely to clothe a girl; they want to improve her across the board. To this end, they run articles on the latest fads and campus rebellions. Outside columnists weigh in with portentous advice: Peter Sellers tells how to create the real self; Dr. Albert Ellis tells how to pick up a man in a ladylike fashion. The magazines run fiction of a sort that delicately explores feminine sensibilities, authors ranging from Truman Capote to Irwin Shaw.

All of the magazines carry a column of intimate advice written by a man. *Glamour* features a columnist anonymously known as Jake, a job that has changed hands many times and is now held down by a smooth-tongued advertising man in his early 30s. *Mademoiselle* runs the team of David Newman, a freelance writer, and Robert Benton, an artist, who recently warned readers: "You must remember men are attracted to Superswomen, but they fall in love with Women-Women." *Seventeen's* Jimmy Wescott ("In the fashion world, mules are something a girl wears and fellows act like") is billed as a teen-ager. "We want the readers to think Jimmy is a teen-age boy," says Managing Editor Jean Wright, "when of course we couldn't use a teen-age boy because he wouldn't be good enough."

Dark Green Chic. The ideal woman, as she emerges from the pages of the fashion magazines, combines fashion with journalistic flair, beauty with chic; the staffers rather desperately try to live up to such perfection, and the magazines like to dwell, a trifle narcissistically, on their own staffs. *Mademoiselle* recently described the office of Editor in Chief Betsy Blackwell: "Dark green, warmly cluttered with antiques, and softly lighted by a crystal chandelier, the bower exudes the feminine yet decisive personality of its occupant." Some of *Glamour's* editors model for the magazine as well as edit; the most successful of these, Gloria Steinem, 30, has been the subject of many *Glamour* articles: her college career, her parties, her clothes. "Readers are fascinated to see that our lives run parallel to theirs," says Kathleen Casey. "Featuring our people gives a greater reality to our magazine."



MADemoisELLE'S GUEST EDITORS IN MADRID
"Sometimes, she can scarcely read."

clothes and looks. *Seventeen*, which rounds off the trio of major young women's fashion magazines, organizes the teen-agers from a distance; it publishes their complaints, tips, yearnings, short stories and book reviews.

On the face of it, the magazines seem to be going out of their way to report the changing tastes of the clothes-conscious college girl. But what clothes do the girls choose? More often than not, they select what the magazines have already selected for them. The process is less the profession of journalism than it is the practice of marketing. "The fashion editor never puts a line on paper," says Barbara Kerr, the astute managing editor of *Mademoiselle*. "Sometimes she can scarcely read." Every editor has her beat (evening dress, lingerie, shoes), and she spends most of her time hobnobbing with manufacturers to discover new styles she thinks may catch on. Periodically, samples are

well heeled but just as clothes-conscious younger women. Today the trio of magazines is fatter than ever and report record advertising revenues.

Mademoiselle, which made its debut in 1935, and *Glamour*, launched in 1939, were brought under the same roof in 1959 by the ubiquitous publisher Sam Newhouse, who owns a controlling interest in both, as well as in *Vogue*, which he gave to his wife as a 35th anniversary present. Despite common ownership, the two magazines compete earnestly. With a circulation of 635,000, *Mademoiselle* is the more venturesome of the two, featuring the more avant-garde clothes on the more awkwardly posed models. "They have been criticized for being beat," says New York Times Fashion Editor Pat Peterson. "and then all of a sudden that look is everywhere." *Glamour*, on the other hand, offers more down-to-earth fashions for a wider readership of



PROPHETESS DIXON

Tragedy in chocolate frosting.

PUNDITRY

Seer in Washington

World War III will break out in 1958. Red China will be admitted to the United Nations in 1959. Walter Reuther will be the Democratic candidate for President in 1964. Davis Strait (between Canada and Greenland) will become strategically crucial to the U.S. in 1963. Richard Nixon will be the Republican presidential candidate in 1964.

Ordinarily, the prophet responsible for such predictions would be without honor in any country. But self-styled Seer Jeanne Dixon is a woman of some standing in the nation's capital. For three decades she has foretold catastrophes in Washington, and not too surprisingly one of her prophecies occasionally comes true. That seems enough to satisfy her fans, who welcome her to the local cocktail-party circuit. Her biggest fan, Hearst Columnist Ruth Montgomery, has now written a book about her, *A Gift of Prophecy* (Morrow; \$4.50)—which generously omits most of the false prophecies.

Advice for F.D.R. In a political city, Mrs. Dixon deals largely in political predictions. Her most notorious triumph was the prediction of President Kennedy's death. As she recalls it, she was kneeling one day in 1952 before a statue of the Virgin Mary, when she saw the numerals 1960 form above a vision of the White House. Then a sinister cloud oozed out from the numbers, "dripped down like chocolate frosting on a cake," and spattered a ghostly, blue-eyed young man who had a shock of brown hair. Putting cake and cloud together, she told an interviewer from *Parade* magazine in 1956 that "a blue-eyed Democratic President elected in 1960 will be assassinated."

Mrs. Dixon apparently forgot this prophecy and in 1960 predicted a Nixon victory. But after Kennedy was elected, she says, she kept seeing a "black cloud

How to light a new fire under an old flame

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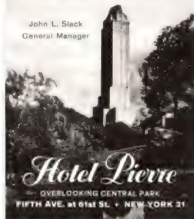
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over the White House getting bigger and bigger." In early November 1963, she told a friend that "the President has just made a decision to go some place in the South that will be fatal for him." She was at lunch in the Mayflower Hotel on Nov. 22 when word came that the President had been shot in Dallas. "He's still alive," said a friend hopefully. "You will learn that he is dead," insisted Mrs. Dixon.

COLUMNIST ROWAN

Carl Rowan took his own advice and went back to journalism.

Rowan will comment on the news in general for the Chicago Daily News. "This is going to be journalism," he said last week. "What I bring to this column is knowledge of what is going on inside this Government and other governments. This is what I'm offering editors, not the color of my face."

As USIA director, Rowan left administrative details to others, but he upgraded the agency by persuading Congress to give Foreign Service status to many of its employees. And he got around quite a bit: he made 52 speeches during his 13-year tenure. As a columnist, he plans to make extensive use of the contacts he made in Government.

"I have already been approached by diplomats about town asking me to be sure and see their leaders. I know most of the ambassadors and top officials in Washington on a first-name basis."

Rowan has also signed to write several articles a year for the *Reader's Digest*, and his combined income will be in the neighborhood of \$60,000, double what he earned in Government. "It was a good feeling to have five syndicates approach me and offer the kind of money I never thought was in journalism 15 years ago," he said. "But I had a feeling of satisfaction beyond what it meant to my personal pocket-book. It meant that Negroes, like white Americans, can have a fair opportunity to share the fruits of our country commensurate with what they know and are prepared to deliver. This has not always been so. The Negro who got a good job in Government was prepared to make it his home. But my old profession came through beautifully, and I hope that this indicates we've reached a new day."

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COLUMNISTS

"My conviction is that few men should put in more than four years in Government at a stretch. With rare exceptions, it isn't good for the man, and it's not good for the Government." This is not an opinion shared by Presidents, but last week, after 43 years in Government—as Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, Ambassador to Finland, and USIA director—

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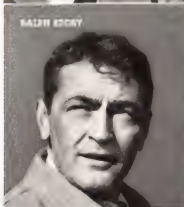
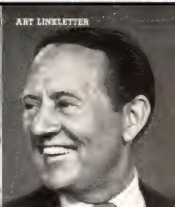
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MODERN LIVING

FOOD & DRINK

Sticky Business

Ever since the 1910s, when peddlers on horse-drawn carts began to ladle out vanilla at 15¢ a painful, the traveling ice cream man has been an American folk hero. To the young, he has become better known than the fire chief, more welcome than the mailman, more respected than the corner cop. Once, when a Larchmont, N.Y., Good Humor man switched routes, 500 neighborhood tots signed a petition for his return.

But no matter how lovable he is, not everyone loves him. In recent years many a mother has tried to freeze the popsicle peddler off the streets. Dozens of communities have passed ordinances against him, and even in those towns where he can still operate, business is getting increasingly sticky.

Why are mothers turning on this summertime Santa? Complains one Lynn, Mass., housewife: "I wouldn't mind those trucks if they didn't always come at the wrong time. I just get my two-year-old to sleep in the afternoon when those damn chimes begin to sound." Adds another: "Once the ice cream man has been around, I can't get my children to eat anything. Two fudgesicles and dinner is out the window." Some people do not mind when the ice cream man cometh so much as how. The four-bar Good Humor tune that daily wafts over Beverly Hills struck such a sour note with Violinist Jascha Heifetz that he had his lawyer write up a complaint. Then, too, the trail of the ice cream man is apt to be a messy one. Observes a Chicago mother of four: "When those trucks

pull away, my front lawn looks like a garbage dump. I break my back every day just picking up sticky wrappers."

There is also the danger of accidents. A three-year-old boy, hypnotized by the bell, is apt to make a headlong dash to get in his licks. In spite of the efforts of salesmen to teach caution, in California, Good Humor has been held culpable by the courts for numerous accidents that have cost the company from \$10,000 to \$100,000 in damages.

The result is that the mobile ice cream companies have fallen on hard times; their share of the entire ice cream market has dropped from 4% to 1% in the past four years. And the future looks equally frosty. In an effort to cut costs, Good Humor, which enjoys by far the largest slice of the mobile ice cream pie, has stopped dispensing napkins with its novelties. And letting droopsicles drip all over party dresses will hardly melt the opposition.

NIGHTCLUBS

Summer Camp

What do you do with ski resorts in mid-summer? Most owners shut them up and join their friends at the seashore. But Alec Cushing, the imaginative impresario of Squaw Valley, hates to do things the conventional way. Three weeks ago he opened what he billed as "the world's highest nightclub" at the top end of his wintertime ski lift.

Appropriately, he dubbed it High Camp. Nestled on a plateau just under 8,960-ft. Squaw Peak, the cabaret commands a heady view of the still snow-blotched peak above and Lake Tahoe below. Just getting there is half the fun. On the valley floor, couples are guided into four-seater gondolas by an attendant. After skimming through a notch in a granite cliff and floating over forests of white pine and ponderosa, they bump to a stop amidst the sound of music echoing about the uppermost peaks.

By day, High Camp resembles a Bavarian beer garden. On a large patio lined with flapping flags and dotted with tables shaded by orange umbrellas, customers eat inexpensive sandwiches (an overstuffed club sandwich costs \$1.50) while the Edelweiss Duo, decked out in Alpine costumes and playing accordions, punctuate their German and Austrian songs with an occasional yodel. As the sun goes down, people move indoors, and High Camp begins to resemble a cross between a sophisticated coffeehouse and a stylish supper club. At 7 p.m., Cushing kicks off the evening's entertainment with an oldtime movie, ranging from the ragged but worthy (*Maltese Falcon*) to the strictly high camp (*Tarzan and the Ape Man*).

When the movie ends, live entertain-



RESTAURANT & GONDOLA
Occasional yodels up on top.

ment takes over. Usually the headliners are subliminaries. Explains the club's poster: "Those looking for Milton Berle, Frank Sinatra, or Andy Williams, please repair to Reno." A bossa nova group called Brazil '65 and Jazz Pianist Toey Bushkin have been doing the opening honors. Couples, both invigorated and intoxicated by the rarefied air, shuffle about the floor in Pucci gowns, Marimekko shifts and madras jackets. For those who do not mind the cold (a windy 50°), there is dancing outdoors in a setting of spotlighted pines and crags. Refreshed by a late theater supper of shrimp creole or beef stroganoff, customers spin on until 1 a.m., when the gondolas take them on a quick, sobering ride back to earth.

SUBURBIA

Underground Movement

As everyone will agree, the best place for a utility or telephone line is underground, where it cannot be seen. But many a new subdivision still bristles with overhead wires and poles for the simple reason that going underground costs the developer more money. Last month the Federal Housing Administration decreed that all new residential subdivisions will have to have underground wiring to qualify for FHA-insured mortgage loans.

The FHA's new posture was partially prompted by Lyndon Johnson's America the Beautiful campaign, but more important, it reflected recent technological developments that had made subterranean wiring economically feasible. In the past, power companies could bury the wires but not the large, boxlike transformers, which were almost as offensive as the old wires. Developers balked not only at the cost but also at the fact that every sixth house had to have a transformer, and the lot with the transformer on it was always hard to sell, even at a reduced price.

Then came Total Underground. The



GOOD HUMOR MAN & FRIEND
Frosted mothers at every stop.

Sheer hyperbole, strictly speaking. La Paz, Bolivia, for instance, is 12,400 ft. above sea level and has more than ten nightclubs.

new system was developed last year by Puget Sound Power & Light Co., with a boost from the Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone Co. It buries everything, including transformers, which are submerged in deep, grate-covered pits. Thanks to newly developed, highly insulated coverings, the cables can be dropped into machine-dug trenches without the cumbersome metal casings of previous systems. And the telephone company can put its lines in the same trench, cutting costs even further.

Even with these savings, Total Underground still costs about \$160 extra a lot. But Puget persuaded the FHA that the beauty of a wireless front lawn increased the value of the average subdivisions plot by \$200. As a result, the FHA upped its assessments of houses so serviced, allowing local banks to offer proportionately increased FHA-guaranteed mortgages to prospective homeowners. Thus the homeowner can spread the increased cost of his mortgage over 20 years.

VACATIONS

There's No Place

Like Someone Else's Home

Neighbors could hardly help but notice the strange things going on at the home of the Preble Stravers in Bethesda, Md. Two days after the Stravers left on vacation, another family moved into their house, drove about in their car and frolicked on the front lawn with the pets. Meanwhile, residents in Clearwater, Fla., were equally startled. Shortly after they saw Mrs. Jess Thacker (a widow) and her three children pile into her car with suitcases, another family arrived and made themselves at home.

The Stravers and Thackers were merely playing the newest vacation game—home swapping. To enjoy a change of scenery while keeping all the comforts—and savings—of home, they simply traded houses, even leaving each other the second car.

Fair Exchange. Today, hundreds of families who have never met are throwing their doors open to one another, allowing for long vacations that resort-hotel expenses would place beyond their means. Most of them discover each other through recently created house-swapping clubs such as the Vacation Exchange Club in Manhattan, and the Vacation Home Exchange in Old Greenwich, Conn. For \$5, members of the Vacation Exchange Club can place a classified ad in the club's international directory, describing their homes as well as indicating where and when they would like to vacation. Interested subscribers write back, and after as many as ten letters have passed back and forth, an agreement is reached. For prices ranging from \$25 to \$75, the club in Old Greenwich will locate houses, check references, inspect the neighborhood and close the deal.

Surprisingly, few swappers ever feel swindled. Because location and savings are the principal considerations, a two-

bedroom flat in midtown Chicago might be considered fair exchange for a 30-room chateau in France. And with their own houses being held as collateral, few vacationers are apt to tear their temporary homes apart. Explains Mrs. Jeanette Spensley, who traded her three-room Torrance, Calif.: "There's a kind of adventurous spirit among those of us doing this. You put your trust in people, and they in you. It's the golden rule taking potluck, except you toss your house around the pot."

Shooing Sheep. In the search for the right vacation home, people occasionally work out triple exchanges. A few summers ago, a farmer from Republic, Ohio, wanted to take his family to Detroit to race a high-stepping trotting horse. But the exchange house the agency had listed belonged to a Detroit

of offers, he still has not found one sumptuous enough to suit him. Time is running short, but those interested can write to the Vacation Exchange Club—if they feel they are in the running.

FASHION

Only the Young

As the showings wound up in Paris last week, the question seemed to be: What do you wear if you are over 20? To emphasize the point, Yves St. Laurent sent his models out with their hair done up in little-girl braids or little-boy helmets. The colors were as gay as a picture book; in fact, that is where the idea came from, St. Laurent explained. His mother gave him a book of Mondrian's paintings just last Christmas, and his showstoppers were all movable Mondrians, practically gift-wrapped: jersey



CARDIN

ST. LAURENT

BALENCIAGA

Who's for braids and a see-through mummoo?

schoolteacher who wanted to spend his vacation in New York. The impasse was finally breached by a Manhattan professor who wanted some country air. The Detroit schoolteacher took over the professor's Manhattan flat; the farmer got the schoolteacher's house outside Detroit; and the professor and his family spent their summer on the Ohio farm, their only obligation being to shoo an occasional sheep out of the alfalfa field.

Some swap offers sound too good to be true. A resident of Turtle Cove, Jamaica, is willing to turn over his four-bedroom house with private beach, swimming pool set in a natural garden, car, dinghy and sailboat, plus the services of a butler, cook, maid and gardener. He wants in exchange a big-city apartment. And he will settle for any one of six cities—New York, London, Paris, Rome, Madrid and Geneva. But he is choosy. After thumbing through dozens

of dresses splashed with squares of stand-up-and-yell colors on neutral ground.

The young feeling infected even Balenciaga, who at 72 is considered the Michelangelo of the trade. The master put his hostesses in white stretch pants under taupe chiffon or gold lamé topped by an ermine poncho. Sauciest filip was a see-through chiffon mummoo worn over a flesh-colored skintight jump suit. And Pierre Cardin exposed his pound of flesh through circular cutouts scattered at strategic points on his dresses—here at the collarbone, there smack dab over the navel. He also wolfishly evoked Little Red Riding Hood, with dozens of furry capped capes.

This year's loser seemed to be Hubert de Givenchy, who for years has been making Audrey Hepburn look young even before she needed any artificial aids. It seems he is hung up on the same little-nothing dress that was a wow five years ago. Givenchy fled even before his collection had been completely shown, and the only applause came when someone opened a window.

Cardin sketch by Tod Draz/The New York Times; St. Laurent by Luis Galindo; Balenciaga from Women's Wear Daily.

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WE MAKE ONE OF THEM.
IF YOU'RE NOT COMPLETELY
SATISFIED WITH ALL THE
PICTURES YOU'RE NOW GETTING,
SWITCH.



U.S. BUSINESS

AUTOS

Changeover in Detroit

In Ford's large and clangorous Wixom plant just west of Detroit, the first 1966 autos—restyled Lincolns and Thunderbirds—rolled off the line last week. Throughout the industry plants closed down their production lines and began the changeover to the 1966 models, which will hit the showrooms beginning in late September. So insatiable is the national curiosity about Detroit's new models that the industry has, as usual, begun to be besieged by leaks, peeks and broad speculation. With the new models ride the automakers' hopes that the nation's most important industry can continue in 1966 the spectacular successes of the past four years, which have contributed as much as anything to the record advances of the U.S. economy.

The auguries are favorable. Industry reports last week showed that auto sales in July rose 18% to a record, and that production set a new high for the eighth straight month; even in the turnover month of August, production is expected to climb 58% over last year. Some auto plants have been working three full shifts, seven days a week, yet still cannot outpace demand. For the full year, U.S. automakers expect to build 9,100,000 cars for the best year in history; that would be 18% more than last year and 65% more than in 1961. Such a spectacular year has 1965 been that to come even near it in 1966 would be quite a feat. Detroit hopes to do at least that.

Fading from the Scene. The whole auto market continues to change. The percentage of U.S. families that own more than one car has increased from 18.8% in 1962 to 23% now, and continues to climb. The hottest U.S. buyers of both used and new cars—youngsters aged 16 to 24—have grown in numbers from 22 million in 1960 to 27 million today. The rate of auto scrapage has moved up from 5,600,000 last year to 6,100,000 this year, which means that Detroit can now bank on an annual replacement market of more than 6,000,000 cars. More and more people are also tempted to trade in their old cars for new ones because used-car prices are high: sales of used cars in June rose 3% to a ten-year peak.

Consumers' intentions to buy new cars in the next few months are just as high as ever, reports the University of Michigan's Survey Research Center. Whether they will remain high will hinge largely on how well the '66 styling goes over. Unwilling to tamper with styling that has worked so well, Detroit plans no big dramatic changes. The trends will be to even more luxury options (example: a push-button system that enables the driver to set his car to a

given speed and cruise without touching the accelerator), more powerful engines, longer bodies, less chrome. One of the major changes will occur in Ford's Falcon, which has borrowed liberally from the successful Mustang, with a short rear deck and a long hood; like most other Ford models, the Falcon has also adopted the hop-up, or gently swelling rear-fender curve, pioneered by General Motors.

All the automakers will lengthen their intermediate models, making them less like compacts and more like standard-sized cars. The compact concept will continue to fade from the scene: sales of compacts and intermediates have been falling off. G.M.'s Chevrolet and Pontiac, Chrysler's Dodge and most other standards will have only minor

Detroit's only slow mover was American Motors; its model '65 sales fell from 341,000 cars to 314,000, and its share of the market from 5.4% to 4.4%. Last week troubled American slashed its quarterly dividend from 25¢ to 12½¢. Its 1966 cars, showed off to dealers in Chicago last week, have some racy names (Rogue, Rebel) and racy options (tachometers, walnut paneling), but they look much like the '65s, have short wheelbases when the trend is to greater length. Despite its troubles, American is still a profitable, billion-dollar company, and the auto market is so promising that it would be difficult to count any manufacturer down, let alone out. For the industry as a whole, auto economists can only see smooth roads ahead.



1966 DODGE POLARA



NEW LINCOLN CONTINENTAL



RESTYLED FALCON

Favorable auguries at leak and peek time.

alterations in grille and trim. Ford's Lincoln Continental will have a new grille emphasizing horizontal lines and a hop-up in back. Chevrolet and possibly Pontiac intend to bring out new sports cars some time during 1966 to compete with the Mustang.

Neither Down nor Out. As the model year comes to a close, Detroit's Big Three can each claim sales records. General Motors' Chevrolet Division led the race for the sixth consecutive year, with just over 2,000,000 sales of the '65s through July 31. Ford Motors' Ford Division jumped 25% to 1,760,000, powered mostly by 445,000 Mustang sales. Ford moved faster than its chief rival in one important sense: its share of the total auto market rose from 22.2% to 24.9%, while Chevrolet's dropped from 31.8% to 28.4%. A sharp gain was made by Chrysler's Plymouth, whose sales jumped by one-third over the year before to 528,000, and whose market share advanced from 6.2% to 7.5%.

STATISTICS

How They Figure

The U.S. last week saw some of the most welcome statistics in many months: unemployment sank to an eight-year low of 4.5% in July and employment set a new record of nearly 75 million. With the number of jobs at the lowest level since booming October 1957, the most favorable indication of all was the statistic on teen-agers, the center of the unemployment problem. Contrary to all expectations, the proportion of idle teen-agers fell from 14.1% in June to 13.2% in July. More than 1,600,000 of them found jobs, 50% more than the Labor Department expected, during the normal seasonal rise that brings thousands of them into supermarkets, playgrounds, offices and summer resorts.

The teen-age unemployment rate is "still far too high," said Lyndon Johnson—but the improvement indicated that the long-feared crisis in teen-age

unemployment has not yet developed. Looking more broadly over the nation, the President also let it be known that he "was particularly pleased by the progress of the economy in the vacation or summer months." There were other statistics on hand to illustrate that progress: retail sales up 8% from a year ago, construction spending up 4%.

Feeding Confidence. Last week's announcements were a continuation of the steady flow of weekly and monthly Government statistics that has helped to keep the current economic advance going, bolstering confidence and thus promoting decisions by industry that reinforce the trend. Each year the U.S. Government spends an average of \$150 million to produce some 4,500 daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly or annual statistical reports about the nation's economy, covering everything from the annual production of infants' anklets to the yield per acre of peanuts picked in Georgia. Though there is an argument about the accuracy and completeness of some of them, everyone agrees that the figures are carefully watched by businessmen for clues to help them make business decisions.

Aware of the criticism, the Government is making what even its critics admit is consistent, if unspectacular, efforts to improve the data. Retail sales figures, once just totals, now show what kinds of merchandise are selling and where, and figures on personal income have been broken down into 100 metropolitan areas as well as by states. Later this month the biggest figure of all, the gross national product, will get a long-awaited and thorough overhauling to make it more accurate and more timely.

Keep On the Lights. Businessmen often complain that to obtain the raw materials for these statistics the Government inundates them with federal questionnaires, and Lyndon Johnson, heedful of their pleas despite his own love for statistics, has cut out 13% of the 5,192 types of report the Government once asked of various taxpayers. Most businessmen, however, find federal statistics vital in an era when rising competition and costs are shrinking the margin for error. "If the Government's economic statistics were eliminated," says Economist Conrad Jamison of Los Angeles' Security First National Bank, "it would be like turning out the lights."

Boston's *haute cuisine* S. S. Pierce grocery chain recently spotted a new high-income area in the Midwest in a federal report on regional economies, promptly moved four salesmen into the area. California's Litton Industries dispatched a staff planner to Washington for details when it noted the decade's first decline in the birth rate a year ago. Builder Philip Emmer has built up a thriving business in low-priced (\$10-650) new homes by detecting an untapped market. His method: comparing census statistics on the incomes and housing conditions of Negro families in three Florida cities.



MARATHON OIL'S DONNELL

Before great adulation, a fall on the face.

CORPORATIONS

Up from the Old Mill Stream

For many years the Rotarians and Lions of Findlay, Ohio (pop. 34,000) have launched most of their boasts on the nearby Blanchard River, which in 1910 inspired Findlayite Tell Taylor to write *Down by the Old Mill Stream*. Lately, Findlay has become equally proud of another local phenomenon: Marathon Oil Co., which has expanded in a few years from a small oil producer into a \$500 million-a-year company. In a business where great exploration costs and fierce competition can easily break a firm, Marathon has competed successfully against the oil giants by acting as if it were one of them, and expanding rapidly far beyond the peaceful banks of the Blanchard.

Capping a recent series of strikes in places as diverse as Libya and Alaska, Marathon last week announced that it had begun drilling the first exploratory oil well ever attempted in Northern Ireland, also prepared to tow a large drilling rig from the British coast into the North Sea, where it will explore one of the world's richest new oil and gas regions. In Bavaria, where it is making its first big move into petrochemicals, it is starting to build a plant that will use Libyan crude to manufacture acetylene and ethylene. In the U.S., the company is about to move beyond its traditional Midwestern marketing area to invade the Southeast with new gas stations.

Frustrating Drought. Marathon's rise to worldly wealth and power has been so recent that few outside the Midwest have ever heard of the company. It owns 9,000 wells and has interests in 11,000 others around the globe, spends a large part of its capital expansion and exploration budget—which averages \$100 million annually—looking for more. It owns refineries in Spain and Germany, has a 7% stake in the Trans-Alpine pipeline. Its big red "M" flies

over 3,800 gas stations in six states and nearly 700 more in Europe. Last year all these operations produced record sales of \$496 million, lifted earnings 22% to \$60 million; in 1965's second quarter, earnings rose 52%.

The firm's expansion began in 1948 when scholar James Donnell II, inheriting a job held by his father and grandfather before him, became president of the company (then known as Ohio Oil). Founded by 14 Ohio investors during an oil boom in 1887, the firm has been dominated since 1911 by the Donnell family, who were among the original backers. Geologist Donnell (Princeton '32, Phi Beta Kappa) set about to increase the company's scope by stretching into the refining and marketing ends of the business and doubling exploration outlays. As bigger and more experienced oilmen looked on smugly, Donnell fell on his face. For a frustrating decade, Ohio drilled one dry hole after another from Guatemala to Egypt.

Cash for Complaints. The drought ended dramatically in 1958 when the Oasis Oil Co., which Marathon owns jointly with Continental Oil and Amerasia Petroleum, hit the Dahr field in Libya. "That success alone," says Donnell, "more than justified the decision to venture abroad." The find has increased Donnell's proven reserves by more than 100% (to 1.7 billion bbl.) and expanded his production by 150,000 bbl. per day. With that, Donnell moved into high gear. He acquired four more refineries and hundreds of gas stations by taking over Michigan's Aurora Gasoline Co. and Texas' Plymouth Oil Co., and in 1962 highlighted his company's rising scope by changing its name from Ohio to Marathon.

Marathon retains the neighborly image of a small-town firm. It has begun to offer cash refunds to customers who write in with legitimate gripes about service in its stations: one man asked for his gas money back be-

cause the attendant neglected to wipe his windshield (complaint accepted), and one woman wanted back the \$2.50 that her son had put in the vending machines (accepted). For Jim Donnell, 55, who spends more than half his time jetting to inspect his many outposts, success has its disappointing aspects. He feels most at home down by the old mill stream, and he should. There is a Donnell Building, a Donnell Stadium, a Donnell Junior High—and Marathon even owns the town's airport.

SHIPPING

High, Dry & Disastrous

Unable to have her exhibition-bound art removed from a strikebound ship in Manhattan, French Sculptress Jacqueline Fayet-Leroy stationed herself by the picket lines, went on a hunger strike. After five days, the strikers could no longer stand it, and last week they allowed longshoremen to remove the crate containing her six sculptures. That was about the only visible progress in the eight-week-old maritime strike, which has become one of the most frustrating in U.S. history. The walkout by deck officers, engineers and radiomen has idled 99 of the best U.S. ships (including the superliner *United States*), beached 10,000 officers and seamen and cost the economy some \$90 million.

Bad Bananas. Some 2,000 fewer longshoremen than usual are being hired each day on the New York waterfront, and seamen have already suffered a \$5.5 million wage loss. More than 15,000 travelers have had to change their plans because of canceled sailings. At least \$200 million in cargo has been delayed, some of it fatally: \$400,000 worth of Ecuadorian bananas have rotted in holds. A leather importer from Philadelphia faces bankruptcy because he has been unable to meet his commitments to local shoe manufacturers, and some Manhattan antique stores fear that the delicate finish of such antiques as Queen Anne tables and Chippendale chairs will be spoiled in the holds.

The biggest stake, however, belongs to the U.S. Government. It maintains

expensive U.S. vessels on essential world routes by providing a \$200 million annual subsidy, pays 72¢ of every dollar in most seamen's wages. Because some of the largest U.S. ship lines are among the strikebound (U.S. Lines, Moore-McCormack, Grace, Farrell), Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz at first took personal charge at bargaining sessions; he was so frustrated by the gap between the two sides that he was reduced to table pounding.

Since the strike affects only one-fifth of the U.S. merchant marine, no Taft-Hartley injunctions or ship seizures have so far been considered, but last week President Johnson took the unusual step of naming former Presidential Press Secretary George Reedy as an intermediary. Reedy was due to enter the Mayo clinic for corrective surgery on his feet, but even his temporary negotiating role clearly signaled the President's personal interest in a settlement—and the possibility that he will take stronger moves if the impasse continues.

"Me-Too" Clauses. The three striking unions—out of eight in all—want multiple benefits, including a change in vacations and the right of captains to continue belonging to unions. Involved in a jealous rivalry with each other—six unions sometimes represent various crewmen of a single ship—they also insist on me-too reopening clauses in order to renegotiate for raises or crew increases that have been conceded to other unions. The biggest current issue is the number of crewmen who will henceforth man automated ships. The U.S. now has eleven mechanized freighters, and many more are planned; they require far fewer crewmen than the 50 or so who man regular freighters.

Though they have long held out against it, the unions may come around to reducing crews. They intend, however, to exact a good price for any concession: increased pensions of up to \$450 a month for displaced crew members. Shipping companies fear that such increases would bankrupt them unless the Government simultaneously increases its subsidies, are so distressed by union demands that they would almost welcome compulsory arbitration. They have other reasons for being distressed: 10% of the business that goes to foreign lines during a U.S. maritime strike never returns, and this time the American Marine Institute estimates that the permanent loss will be even greater. Already, U.S. flag vessels carry only 9.1% of all U.S. exports and imports—and the percentage is falling fast.

WALL STREET

Demand to Delist

Don Smith is a very meticulous man. At the plant of his Wolverine Aluminum Corp. in Lincoln Park, Mich., where aluminum corners, gutters and sills for houses are made, he rides about in a small electric cart, making sure that workers use ashtrays and do not throw gum wrappers on the floor. When



WOLVERINE'S SMITH

After great expectations, a squawk.

Smith listed his growing firm (1964 sales: \$7.2 million) on the American Stock Exchange last month, he traveled to Manhattan to get the usual VIP treatment: a tour of the exchange, lunch with the officers, the chance to buy the first shares of the traded stock. What he experienced did not sit well with Smith, who first began stamping out roof fittings on a press in his father's basement. Last week, in a controversy that vastly embarrassed the exchange, he demanded that Wolverine stock be delisted.

The trouble began when Smith, having bought the first 100 shares of Wolverine at 12½, discovered later in the day that it had closed at 11½. As Smith saw it, nothing had happened that day to change the stock's value. He made inquiries: "I found out that the specialist who'd sold me stock at 12½ immediately turned around and tried to buy it back at 11½. He'd sold short, and then what he'd done, in effect, was knock a quarter of a million dollars off the value of the company."

Smith went back to Lincoln Park, fired off an angry ten-page letter to his stockholders. He attacked the entire specialist system as "an invitation to disaster," said that the floor of the American Exchange "sounded more like a fish market than like a sedate place of business" and that its securities traders "looked like a bunch of grownups playing cowboys and Indians." What was more, added Smith, "many of the clerks were extremely busy throwing paper wads at each other."

Amex President Edwin ("Ted") Etherington, who has successfully improved the exchange's once-tarnished image since he took over three years ago, called Smith's charges an "appallingly unjustified, unfair and inaccurate attack." Smith showed "a lack of understanding of the subjects involved," said Etherington, and exchange officers had unsuccessfully tried to explain to him how the specialist system works. At week's end Smith issued another attack on the specialist system, confirmed that he wants his stock to go back to the over-the-counter market, where there are no tours or free lunches but where Wolverine's stock for two years has remained relatively steady.



SCULPTRESS FAYET-LEROY

For great determination, a rare reward.

WORLD BUSINESS

MANAGEMENT

Who Gets What

In most parts of the world, the salary of an executive is treated with as much secrecy as his sex life. When the British learned last month that British Printing Corp. Chairman Wilfred Harvey pulled down \$750,000 a year plus expenses, they were astounded not only by the amount but by the fact that it had become known. The disclosure came after directors of the firm won a battle to force Harvey to resign and relinquish his huge salary, which they called "grotesque." The case raised curiosity about how much and how varied are the incomes of the world's hired ex-

lin of electric-equipment maker ASEA (for Allmänna Svenska Elektriska Aktiebolaget), is \$120,000, and that of Volvo Boss Gunnar Engellau \$75,000.

Top French executives are the most secretive of all, but their pay rarely exceeds \$100,000; the government plans to pass a law later this year that would oblige companies to make their top executives' salaries available to selected stockholders—but not to the public. In Italy, the highest caliber executives get between \$30,000 and \$50,000 a year in salary, plus generous expense accounts; at the top salary level are such executives as Diego Guicciardi, director of Italian Shell, and Vincenzo Cazzaniga, Italian boss of Esso. The average

even hunting lodges. Belgian executives, like the French, receive a bonus called *tantième*, and their basic salary rarely represents more than a quarter of their total incomes. All big Japanese firms maintain a fleet of foreign, chauffeured cars for the full-time use of their executives, and many top firms pay the living expenses of their top men right down to family clothing and recreation. Cars with chauffeurs also go to top British and Swedish executives; in housing-shy Sweden, many an executive is lured by the offer of free housing. German executives have an endless range of fringe benefits, including nominal rent for their usually luxurious private residences. One top German executive receives part



BRITAIN'S HARVEY



JAPAN'S INAYAMA



U.S.'S DONNER



SWEDEN'S ENGELLAU



GERMANY'S HITZINGER

Plus yachts, servants, hunting lodges and airplane tickets for two.

ecutives—those at the top echelons of industry and finance.

The highest salaries go to top U.S. executives, who are required by law to report them, along with bonuses and stock holdings. G.M. Chairman Fred Donner leads the list, with a pre-tax figure of more than \$800,000 from salary and stock and cash bonuses. In fact, the ten highest-paid executives in the U.S. are all in the auto industry, including Chrysler President Lynn Townsend (salary plus cash bonus: \$555,900) and Ford President Arjay Miller (\$515,912). Salaries depend, of course, on a company's size and profitability and an executive's responsibilities. Pure pay runs much higher in the U.S. than for comparable posts elsewhere, but executives abroad enjoy perquisites that often exceed the value of their salaries.

Modest to Generous. In Great Britain, managing directors of the largest companies seldom are paid as much as \$90,000 a year in salary; many get less than \$20,000. Executive salaries among major industrial companies are rising faster on the Continent than in Britain. In keeping with Sweden's philosophy of a one-class society, executive salaries are generally modest; the average president of a Swedish company with at least 500 employees makes about \$30,000. The total income of Sweden's best-known executive, President Curt Nic-

member of the board of management of a big German company may make a salary of about \$50,000. The biggest German salaries are in the auto industry, topped by an estimated \$250,000 paid to Daimler-Benz's Walter Hitzinger. Only one German businessman exceeds the magic million-marks-a-year (\$250,000) salary ceiling: Christian Kraecht, 44, top manager for Press Magazinet Axel Springer.

Some of the worst salaries in the West are paid to Latin American executives; a handful receive up to \$90,000 and such perks as European schooling for their children, but the majority are lucky to get as much as \$25,000 a year. In Japan, the incomes of most top executives are composed of salary, bonuses and stock options, with the basic salary kept fairly low and the other two used as incentive. Yoshihiro Inayama, president of Yawata Iron & Steel Co., reported a taxable income of \$75,000, part of it from his stockholdings in the firm. President Yoshizane Iwasa of Japan's biggest commercial bank, Fuji Bank, had a total taxable income of \$38,000, and Chikara Kurata, chairman of Hitachi, Ltd., Japan's biggest corporation, one of \$93,500.

Those Extras. The extra benefits are what many foreign executives count on. In France, companies often pay for apartments, domestic staff, yachts and

of his benefits in the form of two blank airline tickets that he and his wife can make out to wherever they want to go. This year, circling 'round the globe, they went to Communist China.

WESTERN EUROPE

Gas Fever & Coal Chills

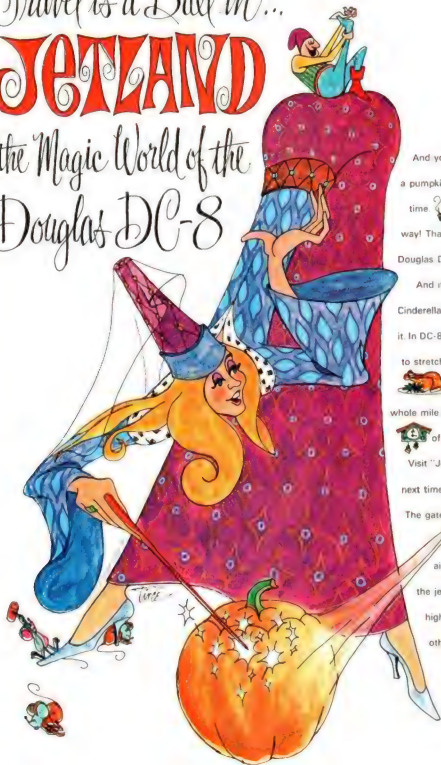
Europe's newly discovered riches of natural gas are creating a major upheaval in the world's fastest growing energy market. Across the Continent, the new gas finds are lighting an investment fever and bringing some chills to a vulnerable competitor, coal. As estimates grow of the size of The Netherlands' mammoth Groningen gas field (widely regarded as twice the official 1.1 trillion cubic meters), and as oilmen probe the bottom of the North Sea for what may be even larger deposits—one big one was hit last week off the West German island of Borkum—gas is becoming Europe's new glamour fuel.

Mountains of Stoves. Last week seven of the world's most prestigious investment houses—including Manhattan's White, Weld & Co., both the London and Paris Rothschilds and West Germany's Deutsche Bank and Dresdner Bank—formed a Luxembourg-based company called Pipeline Finance to raise as much as \$1 billion over the next eight years to bring the new fuel

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DISCARDED STOVES IN THE NETHERLANDS
Less work for twice as much.

to European households and industry. For the small investor, a consortium of British, Dutch, German and Belgian banks has just created an open-end mutual fund, Interagas, that offers participation in the oil, equipment, transport and construction companies that are already starting to profit from the gas boom.

With Shell Oil and Esso, West Germany's Thyssen steel interests two weeks ago formed a new company, Thyssengas A.G., to import Dutch gas by pipeline and expand its market in the industry-rich Ruhr by vigorous price cuts. In The Netherlands, the Gasunie marketing combine expects a complete changeover by household gas users to natural Groningen gas by the end of 1966. Because natural gas yields twice as much heat as manufactured gas—and thus requires less gas for the same task—most appliances must be scrapped or substantially modified in the process. One result: mountains of discarded stoves and ovens are piled up outside many a Dutch town.

Natural gas has expanded its foothold in Europe's fuel market from 2% to 31% in the last two years; most experts predict that it will grab at least 10% by 1975, chiefly at the expense of coal's present 47%. Gas's share could grow twice that fast—to 20%—if it is priced low enough. Up to now gas prices have been kept close to those of rival fuels, partly because coal and oil companies own major interests in many gas-distribution combines and partly because so many governments are committed to subsidizing inefficient coal production.

Millions for Subsidies. Though sales are falling and unsold stocks of coal above ground have doubled in the last seven months, the West German government last week bowed to election-year pressures and decided to increase subsidies to its faltering coal industry, which already receives more than \$150

million a year in subsidies. If the European Coal and Steel Community approves, Bonn will pick up another \$11 million tab this year in order to let miners spend part of their time at repair work instead of digging, will guarantee \$60 million in bank credits to buy surplus coal and spend \$40 million more over four years to store it.

Amid such protectionism, natural gas is unlikely to be allowed to steal coal and oil markets by means of price wars. But at least gas should place a ceiling over fuel costs on the Continent—which in itself would be an event of considerable consequence. With Europe's historic surplus of cheap labor gone, developing cheap fuel looks like the most promising way to help the Continent keep its industrial products priced competitively in the world's markets.

WEST GERMANY

The Bug Forever

West Germany's Volkswagen is gradually overtaking the Model T as the most produced single auto in history; this fall will reach the 10 million mark. Emulating Henry Ford, Volkswagen has left the profile of its basic car virtually untouched since 1948. Unlike Ford, whose failure to master change caused his company to slip permanently into second place (behind General Motors) in the 1930s, Volkswagen thrives on quiet innovation. Its engineers constantly tinker with the beetle's innards, improve engineering and equipment, make numerous modifications each year. There are hardly a dozen parts in the Volkswagen that were there in 1948.

Faster Beetle. Last week Volkswagen announced some of the most fundamental changes in years. Into its basic car, which will now switch its designation from a 1200 to a 1300, it is placing a more powerful engine (40 h.p., v. the old 34) that will increase both acceleration and top speed (to 78

m.p.h.). It is also making 22 other improvements, ranging from fancier inter-luxors to snappier hubcaps and new axles that require half as much greasing—and is keeping the car's factory cost at \$1,245. In addition, the company plans to turn out a fastback model of the costlier 1500 sedan that it introduced in West Germany four years ago, also adding disk brakes in front and improved drum brakes in the rear. One reason for the flashier look: the car will invade the U.S. market for the first time in October. Factory cost: \$1,672.

Still, the durable beetle accounts for 67% of Volkswagen sales, and the company is acutely aware of the risks it runs in marketing the same car year after year. For insurance, Volkswagen over the years has developed at least a dozen different cars, all with different shapes but with essentially the same innards, that it could bring to the market any time that sales show serious signs of faltering. That drastic measure seemed imminent two years ago, when Volkswagen's domestic sales began dropping, partly because of increased competition from General Motors' Opel and Ford's Taunus. Volkswagen engineers made some modifications in the beetle (bigger windows, roomier interiors), and the car bounced back; this year its domestic sales for the first half rose 27%.

Touching Sentiment. Volkswagen is the world's fourth largest automaker (after G.M., Ford and Chrysler), in 1964 sold 944,424 beetles, plus 461,686 other vehicles. It exports more cars than any other of the world's auto companies; in fact, it sells more abroad than it does at home, almost half of them in the U.S. "Will we ever kill the bug?" asks Volkswagen's current ad campaign in the U.S. Answer: "Never." Adds Volkswagen's Heinz Nordhoff: "As long as I'm general director, the basic VW will continue to be built." The sentiment is touching—and so are the figures. By dispensing with model changeovers, the company avoids enormous retooling costs, last year boasted an unusual 17.5% return on invested capital.

Between 1908 and 1927, Ford turned out 15,007,033 Model Ts.



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MILESTONES

Born. To Patricia Neal, 39, earthy, Oscar-winning Hollywood actress (*Hud*, *In Harm's Way*), and Roald Dahl, 48, British mystery writer: their fifth child, fourth daughter; in Oxford, England. Six months ago, Patricia Neal suffered three paralyzing strokes that threw her into a coma for ten days (*TIME*, March 26). In a remarkable display of courage, she tackled a tough rehabilitation program, now walks (with the aid of a leg brace), is learning again how to talk. Her baby is "perfectly normal."

Born. To Ernest Borgnine, 47, TV and cinemator, and Donna Rancourt Borgnine, 32 (*TIME*, July 16): a daughter; in North Hollywood.

Married. Hoda Nasser, 21, eldest daughter of United Arab Republic President Gamal Abdel Nasser; and Hattem Sadek, 22, sportsman son of former Agriculture Under Secretary Ali Sadek, a University of Cairo economics graduate; at Nasser's suburban Heliopolis home.

Married. Rosemary Park, 58, accomplished daughter of one college president (Wheaton), sister of another (Simmons), herself president of two colleges (Connecticut College 1947-62, Barnard since 1962); and Milton Vasil Anastos, 56, professor of Byzantine Greek at the University of California; he for the second time; in Greenwich, Conn.

Marriage Revealed. Cary Grant, 61, durable Hollywood archetype of the urbane lover and unflappable adventurer-hero (71 films); and Dyan Cannon, 27, sometime actress; he for the fourth time (his others: Actress Virginia Cherrill, Heiress Barbara Hutton, Actress Betsy Drake); in Las Vegas, on July 22.

Died. Nancy Carroll, 58, baby-faced Hollywood redhead of the 1920s and '30s, who enhanced a string of early talkies (*Showdown*, *Angel*) opposite Gary Cooper and Lionel Barrymore; after a long period of obscurity reappeared in 1963 to star on the straw-hat circuit; in Manhattan.

Died. Günther Rössing, 63, captain of the *Bremen*, Germany's newest and biggest (702 ft., 1,200 passengers) luxury liner; of a heart attack while standing on the bridge of his ship midway in the Atlantic, while bound for New York.

Died. William Rand Kenan Jr., 93, Florida industrialist, who, as a chemistry student in 1892, stumbled upon a "dark crystalline mass" that later became the keystone of the billion dollar carbide industry; in 1900 turned to Florida hotel and rail development with his brother-in-law, Entrepreneur Henry Flagler, accumulating a personal fortune of \$100 million; of a stroke; in Lockport, N.Y.

Taxpayers should know the facts of life about...

Birth Control

This mother's letter is the most eloquent argument we can offer for expanded Planned Parenthood activities and tax-supported birth control facilities in health and welfare agencies. It is the best reason we can give for enlisting birth control in the War on Poverty.

Although studies show that low-income parents want as few or fewer children than more affluent Americans, 9 out of 10 underprivileged women in the U. S. lack birth control information and supplies.

Many of these families are the third generation of relief recipients in communities across America. In Chicago's Cook County it costs \$10 million a month to support them.

They account for reports that, during the next year, one-half of all children born in New York City will belong to indigent parents.

Their numbers are growing almost twice as fast as the average U. S. population growth. From their ranks society recruits many of its juvenile delinquents, dropouts, and jobless. Many of them are illegitimate.

It costs taxpayers \$7,000 to raise one child through age 17 under Aid to Dependent Children. It would cost less than \$25 to supply a woman with a birth control method for the same period of time.

The U. S. now has the highest rate of population growth, the highest rate of unemployment and the highest rate of public dependency of any industrialized nation in the world. Much of this could be alleviated through effective birth control programs.

We spend millions of dollars each year on some of the better-known diseases . . . to prolong life. Let us preserve the quality of that life for everyone.

Please support Planned Parenthood in your community. If you do not have a local Planned Parenthood Center, please send your contribution to . . . Planned Parenthood, 515 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. All contributions are tax deductible.

*I am writing you to ask
you to please help me and
my five children. I am 25
years old. I have 5 children. I
don't have a husband. All my
children is small, and I don't
have much in come. My
little baby is 7 months
old. He was born with
something wrong with his
head. My children need
cloths and shoes. I have a
little boy 9 years
old he goes to
school*

This advertisement was prepared as a public service by

THE EMKO COMPANY

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CINEMA

Playgirl's Progress

Darling is a bitter, glittering and sometimes stabbingly brilliant tale of a jet-set jade and how she grew. In quasi-documentary style, British Director John Schlesinger (*Billy Liar*) begins with a standard narrative device: a celebrated beauty spilling "My Story" to a magazine called *Ideal Woman*. Her name is Diana (Julie Christie), a sometime model, sometime bit actress, anytime trollop, whose face is her passport to the *haut monde*, where a legion of intimates come to know her as "Darling."

Well brought up, disastrously beautiful, Darling grows bored with marriage to a "desperately immature" nobody, latches onto a bookish TV commentator

public utility. *Darling* succeeds where other entries in the movie sleepstakes fumble. The sharpest asides occur in Capri, where the future *principessa* and her homosexual photographer-pal compete in a game of one-upmanship involving a dark-eyed waiter.

As the amoral heroine, Julie Christie offers her polished surface to the camera in a chic, showy performance that floods nothingness with light. When she entertains a bid from Harvey, walking barefoot atop a board-room conference table in tantalizing finery, Christie evokes an image of corruption that might well tempt a gentleman to corporate risks. She is the apotheosis of trumped-up celebrity, an authentic contemporary creature whose every misstep makes



JULIE CHRISTIE IN "DARLING"

How to win the sleepstakes without really plying.

(Dirk Bogarde) who deserts his wife and family to go live with her. He also introduces her to Important People. "Here was one of the great writers of the century, and there I was . . . suddenly, one felt madly in," she confides to the sound-track interviewer, revealing less in words than in her subtly interchangeable accents, which range from *grande-dame* to guttersnipe.

Eventually, she trades in her commentator for a late-model car (Lawrence Harvey) from the advertising world, wins modest renown as "the Happiness Girl," promoting "chocolates with fairy-tale centers." Her own fairy-tale ends, many escapades later, when she finds ruin at the top as the wife of a wealthy Italian nobleman. Mistress of a sprawling palazzo, she endures boredom, fame, and neglect—despising the suffocating luxury of a milieu that has nurtured and, at last, enslaved her.

Making capital of Frederic Raphael's brittle screenplay, Director Schlesinger never lets his unsavory subject lapse into cheapness and sensationalism. His weapon is satire, spelled out in a caustic picture essay on London society's fags, hypocrites and well-heeled fashion setters, who can lionize a pop artist with no claim to distinction except a five-year stretch in jail. And by shrugging off sex, dryly noting its acceptance as a sort of

thousands lecr. Because her passions are only skin-deep, her tragedy is trivial. But at every toss of her blonde mane, every shard of a smile, all else on the screen becomes mere backdrop. Her stunning presence—and Schlesinger's stylish tracking of a playgirl's progress—makes *Darling* irresistible.

Freed from Bondage

The Ipcress File, based on a thriller by British Author Len Deighton, offers a new breed of spy hero, freed from Bondage to preposterous gags and gimmickry. Harry Palmer, British secret agent, is a scruffy non-U type who too often finds himself tied to a desk, eying the girls through thick spectacles and a jungle of red tape. To get a TX-82 riot squad authorization, he needs a 3-H security clearance. And he no sooner takes on a case than he must file those bloody L-101 progress reports. In his off-hours, though, Harry enjoys fine cuisine, whipped up in his own kitchen. News of a £100 raise sets him to musing, "Now I can get that new infra-red grill."

Palmer is played with deft, dry precision by Actor Michael Caine, who looks a bit like Peter O'Toole with most of the psychological kinks ironed out. Insubordinate and often insufferable, he is assigned to recover a kidnapped British scientist held by criminals who con-

tribute to the nation's "brain drain" by snatching and selling top scientific talent to foreign powers.

While his superiors haggle over procedure, Palmer slogs through some of London's more picturesque byways and inadvertently slays a CIA agent during a throat-tightening exchange scene in an underground garage, where triggermen and headlights dare each other to blink. The scientist is ransomed, but his memory seems oddly impaired. Soon the hero is fleeing kidnappers, the CIA and an unknown British traitor or two. After one fracas aboard a boat train to Paris, he wakes up drugged in what appears to be an Albanian prison—actually, it's somewhere in the center of London—and begins squirming toward the conclusion of a nightmare plot to scramble British brainpower.

Between crises, Director Sidney Furie makes even the drudgery of espionage engrossing, though his overzealous camera style occasionally impedes the action. He films through keyholes, train cars, and parking meters, mounts wild-angled shots from floor or ceiling until, finally, a fly's-eye view of a corpse, framed in a dangling lampshade, begins to make whodunit seem less important than how it was done. But when Furie abates, *Ipcress* proves again that one of the primal pleasures of moviegoing is a tingling, no-nonsense suspense yarn enlivened by honest good humor.

Local Nuisance

Shenandoah. "I've been havin' a little talk with your people about that shellin'," draws James Stewart, complaining to a cavalryman about a local nuisance subsequently known as the Civil War. Stewart wants none of it. He is not a slave owner. He peacefully tills "500 acres of good rich dirt" in the lush Virginia farm country, where heart-warming Early American clichés spring up like wildflowers, ready for him to mow down.

Chomping on a homemade stogie, Stewart tackles the chore with relish. Sometimes he saunters to the little cemetery in the hollow to talk to his late beloved Martha, gone these 16 years. When a young Rebel officer (Doug McClure) wants to marry his pretty daughter (Rosemary Forsyth), Stewart gives the whippersnapper a little lecture on the secret of handling womenfolk.

Stewart reluctantly gets caught up in the war when the youngest of his six strapping sons (Philip Alford) is captured by Yankee troops, later to be snatched from death's jaws by his former playmate, a freed slave. The rest of the family goes searching for him, enduring separation, fear and wanton slandering, before they return home just in time to ride off for Sunday services at the village church. There, naturally, the lost son hobbles in on a makeshift crutch. *Shenandoah's* final comment on the futility of war conveys the odd impression that it couldn't happen to a nicer bunch of people.



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the man who wears
the star.



BOOKS

The Prophet's Profits

In 1916, Alfred A. Knopf, then 23 and a newcomer to the book-publishing business, was introduced to a Lebanese artist-poet in a Greenwich Village café. Knopf had never heard of Kahlil Gibran, but his young publishing firm needed authors, and during the next four years he published three Gibran books; all sold dismally. *The Prophet*, brought out in 1923, did slightly better.



KAHLIL GIBRAN

A philosophy for the well-meaning.

Of a rather ambitious first printing of 2,000, Knopf managed to sell 1,159 copies, and with that, presumably exhausted the market for Gibran.

To Knopf's surprise, the demand for *The Prophet* doubled the following year—and doubled again the year after that. Since then, annual sales have risen almost at an exponential rate: from 12,000 in 1935 to 111,000 in 1961 to 240,000 last year. Today, with more than 2,000,000 copies in print, *The Prophet* is selling at the rate of 5,000 a week.

The Cult. What supports such phenomenal sales? Certainly no effort of Knopf's other than making the book available in three editions,* two of them illustrated by twelve Gibran sketches of idealized nudes. The firm once launched an advertising campaign years ago but hastily canceled it when the only result was to reduce sales. It has not since promoted the book in any way. Who buys *The Prophet*? Knopf can only guess. "It must be a cult," he has said, "but I have never met any of its members. I haven't met five people who have read Gibran."

Gibran was instructed in the Maronite rites of the Roman Catholic Church, but he was not a churchgoer, and his book would be out of place in any cathedral. *The Prophet*, Almustafa, about to sail away from Orphalese, where he has sojourned for twelve years, submits to questions from the villagers. They ask him about Love, Joy, Sorrow, Freedom, Pain, Giving, Work and other human affairs. He answers in mystical terms that seem to carry great meaning: "Work is love made visible," "Your joy is your sorrow unmasked," "Beauty is Eternity gazing at itself in a mirror. But you are eternity and you are the mirror."

"It comforts people," says a Knopf editor, William Koshland. "It appeals to the bereaved. Tens of copies are sold when someone dies." A distant relative of the author once speculated that the book is bought by young men for the purpose of "seducing women" by quoting it. *Seventeen* magazine, noting *Prophet's* popularity, quoted a teenage-girl reader to the effect that "it is unique and just right for clearing cobwebs and refueling weary souls." In a word, it seems to provide a philosophy for the somewhat immature, a creed for the vaguely well-meaning, a consolation for those who think religion is a misty feeling.

Sown Scraps. Mysticism threads itself not only through Gibran's work but through his life. As a boy of four in Bsherr, a village perched amid Lebanon's northern mountains, he sowed bits of torn paper in his garden and waited patiently for a harvest of full leaves. The mystic did not find a cult until he moved to the U.S., where he exhibited his drawings—which blend elements of William Blake and Maxfield Parrish—and held a kind of mystical court in his Greenwich Village studio.

A celibate, Gibran nevertheless exerted a strong spiritual influence on women. A Manhattan jeweler's wife with whom he corresponded directed that his letters should be buried with her in her coffin. Barbara Young, a poet, swore allegiance to the master after hearing *The Prophet* read in a Greenwich Village church (he was also present as a listener). She served Gibran as secretary until his death from cancer, at 48, in 1931.

Mixed Harvest. The scraps of paper planted by Gibran have borne bountiful fruit: nearly \$1,000,000 in royalties to date, some \$100,000 more every year. Gibran, who coveted both fame and riches, died too soon to reap most of this harvest. His will left everything to the place of his birth, Bsherr. But except for Gibran's body, which was sent home to be entombed in the monastery of Mar Markis, Bsherr has little to show for it.

A committee of 40, appointed to administer the unexpected riches, sponsors

an annual Gibran festival and maintains a Gibran museum that charges admission and turns a modest profit. Plans for a grander museum, for a hospital, for a literary contest in his memory, have had to wait while the committee settles quarrels among its own membership and disputes in court with lawyers representing Marianna Gibran, the poet's sister, who lives in Boston and was not remembered in his will.

Last Testament

REPORT TO GRECO, by Nikos Kazantzakis. 512 pages. Simon & Schuster. \$7.50.

This century is likely to expire before qualified men find Nikos Kazantzakis' true place in the pantheon of literature. His claims on greatness must await the patient perspective of time. He wrote eight novels, of which three—*Zorba the Greek*, *The Greek Passion* and *Freedom or Death*—are well known in the U.S. As a scholar, he converted the classics of seven languages into Greek. As a philosopher, he absorbed Bergson, Nietzsche, Buddha and Lenin, and formed a derivative, somewhat nihilistic creed that seemed to sentence man to hopelessness and Western civilization to death. As a poet, he added 33,333 poetic lines to Homer's *Odyssey*—three



NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS

A creed from the brim of the abyss.

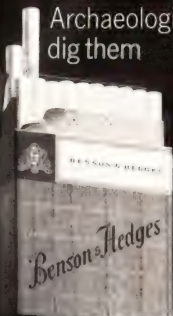
times the master's output—and then dared to call it a modern sequel to that epic from the dawn of Western thought.

Unready Draft. Kazantzakis died eight years ago at 74. His heirs have spent the intervening years extending his legend with carefully doled out translations of unpublished texts. *Report to Greco** is the latest entry in the lengthy procession, which is by no means over: his widow Helen and his friend Kimon Friar, who spent four

* The title pays Kazantzakis' respects to another dark and stormy Greek, born, like himself, on the island of Crete: Domenico Tzontopoulos, better known as the artist El Greco.

* Pocket-sized (\$3.50), regular (\$3.95), de luxe (\$7.50).

Archaeologists
dig them



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years translating Kazantzakis' *Odyssey*, are both engaged in writing biographies. Neither can do the man, or the legend, more service than this awkward, graceless but powerful personal testament.

Kazantzakis himself would probably have refused to permit its publication. The manuscript was not ready; it is a first draft, rudely punctuated by death. It is all edges, untidy, angular, raw, the unpolished work of a perfectionist who invested 13 years on his *Odyssey* and put it through seven metamorphoses. It does not pretend to be an autobiography, mixes fact so thoroughly with myth that the only recognizable landmarks are the mountaintops of his life.

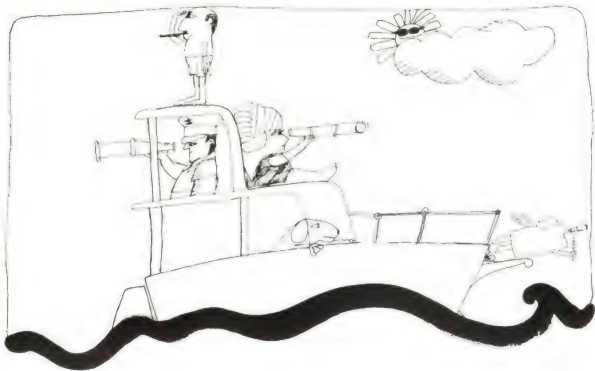
Pooks & Rinds. But mountaintops were Kazantzakis' habitat. He liked the ascent: it was to him the essential and never ending purpose of life. "We ascended," he writes in an epilogue addressed to Greco, "because the very act of ascending, for us, was happiness, salvation, and paradise." He preferred rarefied air and the panoramic view. "Rinds they were," he says, contemptuously discarding the "details of daily life."

The rinds are not missed, as the reader scrambles over the climber. There is the terrified Cretan youth, commanded by his father to kiss the feet of countrymen garroted by the Turks; the student in Paris, inflamed and impelled by Nietzsche's visions of the Superman; the pilgrim searching vainly for the future in Soviet Russia, for the past in Jerusalem, for the present in the clouds brooding over his native Crete.

Report to Greco illuminates Kazantzakis' life in the way that lightning illuminates the dark. A sudden flash, and there stands that lusty old goat Zorba, the flesh-and-blood model for Kazantzakis' most successful novel, who taught him "to love life and have no fear of death." Another flash reveals the writer in the throes of creation, dipping his pen into his own blood. "Writing may have been a game in other ages. Today it is a grave duty, to proclaim a state of mobilization, to urge men to do their utmost to surpass the beast."

Red Talons. Kazantzakis wrestled with God all his life, without ever quite determining who his adversary was. Some of his gloomy judgments have tempted critics to the conclusion that Kazantzakis was even more nihilistic than Nietzsche, and this hook can support that view. God is variously defined as a bull, a "bluebird with red talons," the "supreme uncertainty," "Life's true face," says Kazantzakis, "is the skull." The place to build one's home is on the brim of the abyss.

But all the other influences on Kazantzakis' thought pale before the figure of Alexis Zorba, and Kazantzakis' final judgment of life coincides with his: "Greetings, man, you little two-legged plucked cock! It's really true (don't listen to what others say; if you don't crow in the morning, the sun does not come up!)"



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The Muse in Middle Age

ABOUT THE HOUSE by W. H. Auden.
84 pages. Random House. \$3

He has the head of an old lion and in a high rolling roar he makes some of the most spectacular conversation of the century. At 58, Wystan Hugh Auden is the only man left in the English-writing world who can be called a major poet, but unhappily he has fallen on lean years; for more than a decade his verse has lacked verve. In *About the House*, no sudden reanimation of the muse is evident; yet in these pages the poet attempts to draft a new lease on creative life. Auden in his previous poetry has systematically sublimated private feeling into public state-



W. H. AUDEN

Tepid hymn to hot baths.

ment; in this volume, with wavering will and sometimes with quivering hand, he ventures to describe the private person who hides behind the public performer.

About the House is about the house that Auden bought in Austria a few years ago, and about the new life he has found there: the life of a successful middle-aged man who ponders the pleasures and problems of success and middle age. It is certainly too much to say that W. H. Auden, the *enfant terrible* of the '30s, has become the Edgar Guest of the '60s—but listen to this: what I dared not hope or fight for is, in my fifties, mine, a soft-and-croft where I needn't, ever, be at home to those I am not at home with, not a cradle.

a magic Eden without clocks, and not a windowless grave, but a place I may go both in and out of.

And so it goes. The old bourgeois-baiter composes a contented ode to his new kitchen and a hymn to hot baths, a worried incantation against insomnia and some earnest lines on the higher



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Reader's Digest



How Evinrude successfully launched a new line of boats

"We were mighty proud of our new gull-wing hulls when we first introduced them in 1964," says Mr. Bob Scott, Vice President, Evinrude Motors, Milwaukee. "Since we had been selling outboard motors in Reader's Digest with great success for nine years (the last five of them globally), we naturally picked The Digest to launch our new line of boats. We ran an announcement ad in February and a follow-up in May.

"The response was immediate. Our boat show exhibits were swamped, and in a matter of just six months public acceptance of the line placed Evinrude among the top-10 boat manufacturers in the country. We certainly put our advertising eggs in the right basket: Reader's Digest."

People have faith in Reader's Digest. 141 million U.S. families (26 million world-wide) buy each issue.



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significance of regularity. It is both absurd and touching to see the aging lion mew so meekly. He seems humbly grateful for the small favors of existence, humbly aware of the failures of his private life. In a poem about bedrooms he writes sadly:
about blended flesh . . .

I know nothing, therefore about certain occult antipathies perhaps too much.

In Auden's house there are still many doors that are closed to the reader of his verse. As in earlier volumes, he papers them over with epigram and excoitation, versillage and vocabulary. But what is real and alive in this volume is the new natural tone in which Auden speaks of himself and the things that go on inside him:

*Really, must you,
Over-familiar
Dense companion,
Be there always?
The bond between us
Is chimerical surely:
Yet I cannot break it.*

Labor of a Birth

DAY OF TRINITY by Lansing Lamont.
333 pages. Atheneum. \$6.95.

Twenty years ago, over an arid stretch of New Mexican sand that the Spaniards called Jornada del Muerto (Journey of Death), history's first atomic bomb blasted the dawn. This is the sometimes chilling story of that still chilling event. The author, a correspondent in Time's Washington bureau, has done a painstakingly thorough job of reporting that makes that lurid moment seem to have happened only yesterday.

Lamont tells his story in terms of the men and the science that conceived and built mankind's most destructive weapon. The route that led up to the bomb tower in the desert was one of monumental uncertainties and incalculable risks. Says Lamont: "Never in history had so many embarked on so fateful an undertaking with so little certainty about how to proceed."

Trinity was the name chosen by Physicist Robert Oppenheimer, scientific leader of the project, for the site of the assembly and testing of the bomb that would bring Japan to her knees. "Oppie," as he was known to his colleagues, was relaxing over a volume of John Donne's poems when word reached him that the Air Force had granted a site for the test in the Jornada, 55 miles northwest of Alamogordo. Asked to suggest a code name for the site, Oppie glanced at the line he had just read:
*Butter my heart, three-person'd God.
"Trinity,"* Oppenheimer said, "we'll call it Trinity."

Fresh material and personal glimpses of the men involved bring the familiar narrative to life: Einstein absentmindedly losing his way to the lavatory in Los Alamos, Fermi cycling his way to work, the sweat-pearled faces of the scientists

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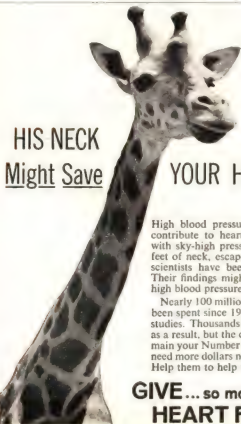
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as they eased the nuclear core into the bomb case and then took their places to watch the results of their own handiwork: a sudden fire hotter and brighter than the sun.

Lost Touch

NOTES FROM A SEA DIARY: HEMINGWAY ALL THE WAY by Nelson Algren
254 pages. Putnam: \$4.95.

The publisher's idea was for Algren to write a meandering essay on Hemingway while taking a freighter trip to Asia, and for him to pad it out with descriptions of Oriental ports. "An essay on Ernest Hemingway was a labor to which I felt compelled," explains Algren. "Everyone else was acting so compulsively, I had to do something



NELSON ALGREN
Somebody left the irises out.

compulsive, too, or I wouldn't get invited to any more parties."

Algren feels that Hemingway's honor has been savaged by highbrow critics, who have claimed that Hemingway was merely a lucky oaf who wrote with his muscles and was suspiciously fond of assassinating lions. Algren's efforts to disprove the charges are compulsive, all right, but painfully ineffective.

As for local color, the man who touched the shabby lives of Chicago's dead-enders with such gentleness has this to say about Bombay: "A girl put her head in the window and howled. 'Bly-eye-nd brother! Bly-eye-nd brother!' She wasn't lying. When I put my head out the window I saw him. He wasn't just blind; he was the Blindest. He didn't even have to roll his eyes to show he was blinder than anybody. Somebody had left his irises out. 'Get him contact lenses,' I advised, and gave her a nickel. I would have made it a dime but I didn't want to corrupt her." Parts of this book appeared first in *Cavalier*, *Dial*, *Dude* and *Gent*.



Photo courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

Imagine Chicago fifty years back.
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